THE
LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

*April*, 1805.

## *PRINCESS OF ORANGE.*

[With an elegant Portrait.]

FREDERICA Sophia Wilhelmina was daughter of the deceased Augustus William, Prince, and sister of Frederic William, King of Prussia. She was born August 7, 1751; and married October 4, 1767, to the Prince of Orange, by whom she has issue, 1, Frederica Louisa, born November 23, 1770; married to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. 2, William Frederic, born August 24, 1772, and married, in 1791, to the Princess Royal of Prussia.

The Princess of Orange first experienced the ungallant and ferocious spirit of modern revolutionary principles. It is fresh in the remembrance of every one, how she was taken into custody by a set of unfeeling Dutch burghers, of the lowest of her subjects, and harrassed by repeated removals, with only one female attendant, without any regard being paid to delicacy, or the tenderness of her sex, her royal descent, or sovereign authority. The French Revolutionists might be said, in her, to have made a rehearsal of the tragedy, on the small theatre of Holland, which was afterwards represented, in all its horrors, on the grand stage of France.

Our fair countrywomen have hence been taught, duly to appreciate the guileful doctrines of those, who would allure them, by a pretended zeal for their "rights," to become instrumental in overturning private domestic order and subordination, as a prelude to that anarchy, destruction of rank, and contempt of dignities, in which would be involved the elegancies and polish of civilized life; from whence is derived, to the female part of the community, the high consideration they have obtained above their sex in the savage state.

## *OLD WOMAN.*

NO. LXXX.

Dear Old Mother,

BEING ignorant of your abode, though no stranger to your writings, which I appreciate as they deserve, I beg leave to trouble you with a brief account of my *first* WINTER IN LONDON, that in case you do not reside there, you may have some idea of what is going on in the metropolis; and if you do, that some of your readers, at least, who are, perhaps, less *fortunate* than myself, may be able to *fancy pleasures* which they are not permitted to *taste*.

I am the only daughter of a Yorkshire Baronet, who never leaves his country-seat, except when the business of a magistrate calls him to the next market-town, or occasionally to our northern capital, York. Being pressingly invited, however, by the Countess of * * * * to spend three months with her in town, my indulgent father kindly consented; and I set out for the great mart of pleasure and business, about the close of the year, with expectations wound up to the highest pitch of what I was to behold, and of the agreeable amusements in which I was to participate.

For some miles before I reached London, I imagined every cluster of houses, which followed one another in rapid succession, must be the suburbs of the metropolis; and I repeatedly asked my companion, who was no stranger to the road, if this was not the beginning of London? She smiled at my simplicity, and named the real distance we had still to run; but I could not help thinking she wished to deceive me, and that we had driven through a great part of the capital, before we had actually entered it.

When, however, we had passed what I think proper to call the barriers, I was soon convinced, by the splendor of the shops, and the noise and bustle of the streets,

streets, that my informant was right; and before I reached Westminster, my head was giddy with the rattling and rapid passage of carriages in all directions, and my eyes tired with incessant looking at the vast variety of objects that presented themselves. I inquired if there was not some extraordinary occasion to draw so many persons into the streets; but soon learned, that each was minding his own business or pleasure; and that at noon, the hour of my entrance into London, one half of the people of condition was not up, and that it was probable I might find my friend, the Countess, among the number. At length we drove up to a splendid house in ——— Square; and on giving my card to the servant to present to his lady, I was desired to walk into the breakfast room, where I found the tea-things set, and a newspaper or two on the table; but no appearance of any thing stirring in the house, except now and then a servant opening and shutting a door, to dust the furniture, or to see that the fires were kept up.

In this manner I waited, amusing myself in the best manner I was able, till half past one o'clock, when the Countess made her appearance in her morning dress, and, after welcoming me in the politest manner, inquired if I had slept in town, as she did not expect to see me so early. Looking at my watch, "Madam," said I, "I think you must mistake the time, it is drawing towards two o'clock in the *afternoon*." "Hold, my dear," exclaimed the Countess, "we do not divide time here as you do in the country. It is always *morning* till we sit down to dinner, and that is from six to eight or nine o'clock. I commonly dine at seven; but this is reckoned early, I assure you, for people of any fashion."

I felt myself corrected, and made a tacit resolution to conceal my ignorance of fashionable modes, if I was not qualified to display my knowledge on such subjects. "Come, my dear, will you have the goodness to make the tea for me? I expect the family to

assemble by the time it will be ready; and I dare say you have no objection to some refreshment after your journey." "Madam," replied I, "I have breakfasted six hours ago." "Mercy on us!" rejoined my lady, "you must have been sitting down to breakfast just as we were going to bed; for you must know we attended a route last night, and did not get home till eight: but you have been used to such different hours, that you will require time to be reconciled to ours." I again felt myself corrected, and made a fresh determination to think before I spoke. Tea being made, I was going to put sugar into the cups; but the Countess checked me with a smile, and observed, that she was afraid I should not be able to suit every one's taste in that particular, and that it was usual to leave each to sweeten the tea according to fancy. A handsome footman now entered, with a cold tongue on one dish, and a cold ham on another: a second followed him with slices of beef, marmalade, and honey. I confess I was not sorry to see such preparation for breakfast; as I felt inclined for something more substantial than an infusion of the Indian plant, with slices of bread and butter; and had not ceremony restrained me, I was very much disposed to pay my respects to the ham. One by one, the young ladies, and the rest of the family, dropt in; and I went through the ceremony of being introduced to each. This, with the office to which I had been appointed, and which I performed awkwardly enough, left me little time to take care of myself; and if appetite had not got the better of reserve, I believe I should have risen from the breakfast table with a stomach as empty as when I sat down to it. The gentlemen, indeed, made very free with the cold meat; but I perceived that the ladies eat very little of it; and had I not been asked, and helped first to it, I should, from their example, have felt ashamed to have eaten such gross food.

Before

Before four the breakfast was over; during which one looked at a newspaper; another alluded to last night's amusement; and a third, perhaps, sat silent, and seemed but half awake. The tea-things being removed, the Countess rang a bell, and ordering a servant to shew me my chamber, which she hoped I should find comfortable, I was ushered up stairs, and found my woman busy in arranging my packages, in an apartment splendidly furnished, with a bed, which I perceived was to be ascended by steps. I had now an opportunity of unbosoming myself to my faithful and affectionate *Kitty*, whom I was sorry to find had been forgotten by her *compeeresses*, and almost exhausted with hunger, as the poor girl had made but a very slight breakfast. On looking, however, into a provision basket which my kind mother had packed up, we met with some remains of tongue and dry bread, to which she sat down in a corner, with an eager appetite. Before she had finished her repast, however, an Abigail of the family knocked at the chamber door, and invited her to lunch, adding, that this would be the more necessary, as they seldom sat down to dinner at the second table, till about nine o'clock. She declined the invitation, saying, that she had just eaten something; on which the pert London woman, with a sarcastic air, and a significant grin, retired, and meeting with a fellow-servant at the door, burst out into a horse-laugh; and I could hear her observing, that the YORKSHIRE *ladies* had turned their sleeping room into an eating room, and that they had brought provisions enough to last them for a month, as they seemed afraid of being starved in London. This news, with additions and aggravations, flew over the whole circle of domestics, and in an hour reached the Countess; but good manners prevented her from making any observation on the subject; though my poor Kitty is teazed to this moment about her stock of provisions, and asked, in ridicule, when she expects a fresh supply from Yorkshire.

But to return to myself. I employed the interval before dinner in unpacking my things; and having drest soon after six, thought I would not keep the family waiting for me; and immediately descending the stairs, was shewn into the drawing-room, expecting to find some of the company already assembled. For half an hour, not the least motion was heard: at last I was *gratified* with the sight of a footman, who entered to mend the fire, and of him I inquired if the family were not about to make their appearance. "No, Madam," said he: "if they appear ten minutes before dinner is announced, it is thought early: some of them are scarcely dressed when the others have sat down at table." I felt myself wrong again; and made new resolutions not to expose myself any farther, if I could help it. In a short time after entered a genteel-looking young man in black, who made me a respectful bow, to which I made the usual return; but neither having ever seen the other before, we were both at a loss what to say; though the gentleman, with abundant modesty, endeavored to entertain me with the customary remarks on the weather, and some few articles of the news of the day.

At length the Countess entered, followed by the young ladies. "So, my dear, you have already entered to have a *tête-á-tête* with the chaplain. I hope he has been trying to convert you. But you are all so good in the country, that you are more likely to convert him." I blushed, and know not what I answered; and being now summoned to dinner, we sat down to a sumptuous table, at which elegance and good manners indeed presided; but none of that flow of soul which I had been used to experience in my father's house. Having sat about half an hour after the desert was removed, the Countess got up, which was the signal for the ladies to withdraw; and the gentleman in black, who I found was chaplain, running to open the door, held it in his hand till we had all made our exit, and then shutting it, returned, I suppose,

suppose, to the enjoyment of the bottle with the other gentlemen.

We now re-entered the drawing-room, and I began to feel myself a little at home in the society of the Countess and her lovely daughters, who seemed to have acquired new life and vivacity since breakfast time, and who certainly exerted themselves to entertain me—if asking questions, and receiving answers, can be an entertainment to the party who is interrogated.

*(To be continued.)*

## *THE FORCE OF FASHION.*

LIKE one who is willing to lay hold of any excuse, however trifling, for returning to some favorite occupation, so I again present myself to my fair and indulgent readers, (for so I please myself with thinking they are,) and submit to them a few more of my sage remarks; or what, perhaps, some gay fair one, willing to display her learning, and her love of fashionable opinions, at the same time, may call my *antediluvian notions.*

I, however, address myself to them this time, with a confidence I should not, perhaps, otherwise feel; persuaded I have something to lay before them so novel in its nature, that, if it does not plead for me as a sufficient excuse, I must despair of a better: for what can be more charming than novelty?—there is magic in the very sound!

But how, methinks it is asked, does the title you have been pleased to set out with, agree with this promise of novelty? Surely the Force of Fashion is no new thing!—Nor do I, my fair reader, mean to exercise my ingenuity, by endeavouring to prove that it is: but as we may travel the same road, and visit places familiar to us from our childhood, yet still find fresh faces and amusing incidents to enliven and divert us, so the various effects which so fruitful a

source may produce, may surely be entitled to this delightful appellation.

Very little reflection will shew us, that the Force of Fashion has not be enconfined to the present time; for it was undoubtedly this identical force, which *forced* the waists of our grandmothers into the very limited circumference to which they were at one time reduced; and which has since operated in *forcing* their fair descendants so completely "out of those entrenchments;"—which formerly shewed itself in loading their heads with a promontory of hair not unlike a sugar-loaf, and which now makes them wear the hair of other people in preference to their own;—which then led them to expose nothing but their faces, and even disguise the greater part of that with patches, and *now* makes them not only display that, "sine obscuritate," but almost every thing else. Indeed, it is but justice to say, that this species of force, though, perhaps, a little strengthened by the maturity it has arrived at, was no less visible in the ruffs which graced the modest dames of Elizabeth's reign, than it is in the liberal display of bare necks, which is observable in the less reserved fair-ones of the present day.

To enumerate the various fantastical effects which fashion daily produces, would fill volumes; we continually see it producing the most strange and whimsical revolutions in the dress and manners: I cannot, however, help selecting one from among the numerous novelties which present themselves, to serve as an instance. Taking up a newspaper a short time ago, I was struck with the singularity of one piece of information it contained. At first, indeed, I imagined I had made a mistake; but on rubbing my eyes, and looking again, I found it was even so.—"On such a day," said the newspaper, "the beautiful Lady * * * * * *, the Honorable Mrs. * * * *, the accomplished Misses * * * * *, &c. &c. (I have forgot the names,) *honored with their presence*"—Now will some

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of my rustic readers, who inhale pure but unfashionable breezes far from the refined air of St. James's, expect to hear of Panoramas, Lyceums, or Picture-Galleries;—but, no—"that were poor"—The exhibition now destined to be honored with so fair an assemblage, was—the SMITHFIELD CATTLE-SHOW! "Surely," some lady may say, who has not quite forgot what her grandmother taught her, "a very strange kind of exhibition to be attended by such spectators!" If, however, any fair reader would be thought fashionable, I would advise her to discard such notions with all possible dispatch—'Tis a newly-issued mandate of fashion, and must be obeyed. A modern beau, instead of dangling by his fair mistress in the Park, must now escort her to Smithfield. The dull sameness of what were once considered female avocations, are grown stale and insipid—but a scene composed of such new materials as a *cattle-show!*—such novel associates as butchers and graziers!—amidst such a charming confusion of noise and dirt, must be delightful! In this age of novelty, when "each minute teems a new one," a lady's judgment must no longer be confined to silks and satins, laces and embroideries—she will now find herself more at home in criticising a fat bullock. Nor are we to expect a fashionable dame can any longer derive pleasure from the infantine prattle she will find in the nursery—the more melodious gruntings of a prize-hog, to fashionable ears, will be found infinitely more delightful. Objects which it would have been necessary, a little while before, to have been shocked at, must now excite admiration and applause, and be viewed with looks of delight, which many a fond youth might sigh in vain to partake of. With not less devotion did the fair Europa, of old, survey the snow-white bull which veiled the amorous Jupiter.—But she, unlike to these, bestowed her admiration on an object sensible of her distinction.

It is curious to observe, how the more modern mandates of fashion, combining with those of a more ancient

ancient date, produce a whimsical assimilation of the most opposite traits uniting in the same character, forming a sort of compound of fashionable inconsistencies—a kind of *olla podrida* of customs but half forgotten, and new ones but half adopted. Thus, in conformity with the once-prevailing notions of female weakness and timidity, it is absolutely necessary that a fashionable lady should scream at the sight of a mouse, though she has just been encountering bulls and oxen;—that she protests herself dying with fatigue in going down a country-dance, though she has the same day been exhibiting in the newly-thought-of female accomplishment of *skaiting*;—that the gentle undulating of her fan should seem almost too great an exertion for her delicate fingers, which the same morning were managing the whip and reins in a drive round the ring!

We have had various specimens given us of what might be supposed to occupy the time of a woman of fashion, through the different parts of the day—Were the avocations of one day now set down, I am inclined to think it would present some things which, in such a connection, would bear a very novel aspect. Such items as the following, for instance, may serve to give a faint idea of what the greater part would be composed.

"Waked earlier than usual—and Pert telling me it was a hard frost, rose immediately—ordered in Philip to make the tea—after breakfast, tried some of Catgutini's new cantatas on my grand piano—But it would not do—should soon have been dead of *ennui*. Being a fine frost, put on my hat, habit, and boots, and ordered my skaits into the barouche for a drive to the Serpentine.—Found several fashionables already there, and ordered Philip to strap them on immediately—Made some excellent wheels and runs.—It is really an extremely *tonish* amusement, and makes the odious old-fashioned creatures stare so, it is quite delightful!—Made some attempts at turning on the

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*outer edge*, and was much complimented by the gentlemen present.—A divine fellow, dressed *à la Russe*, astonished all present, and took my fancy prodigiously—Am dying to know who he could be!

"Left off earlier than I intended, having made an appointment to drive Sir John to the Smithfield cattle-show, and found it a most charming place—So *nouvelle!* and the creatures that were exhibited absolutely astonishing!—Sir John expatiated on a South-down wether which was reckoned quite a prodigy. Mem. Was proved to weigh sixty-five pounds per quarter, to sink the offal.—A small, but remarkably fat, black and white pig, bred between a Leicester boar and a China sow, was exhibited, which measured three feet nine inches from rump to snout! Some of the city folks seemed quite astonished at seeing any of the *beau monde* there; but I really believe I stared at them so, that I put them out of countenance."——

Much more of the same cast might be added, but this may serve as a sketch of what now forms a part of the *refined* amusements of some of our ladies of fashion; and if we go on in a progressive degree of improvement, who can tell where our refinements will end? If our ladies who shine conspicuous in the ranks of elegance and fashion, are anxious to distinguish themselves as adepts in driving and skaiting, and being reckoned *connoisseurs* at cattle-shows, why may not their more refined daughters be found practising the elegant science of pugilism, or presiding at a bull-baiting?

But this is, in fact, a good-natured and accommodating age.—If a thing be but fashionable, no matter how contrary to good sense and propriety—it can give a specious appearance to the most glaring follies, and even vices—for the ears of Fashion must not be shocked by calling even these by their true denomination. A woman may expose herself in public with a painted face and naked bosom, without the least

sensation

sensation of shame, yet be accounted, by her polite acquaintance, a very *modest* woman! A man may be the betrayer of female innocence, and the father of hapless children, who are crying for bread, while he is rioting in the most luxurious pleasure, yet he is only reckoned rather gay—"he is a gay man," and his company will be sought for with greater avidity for having so charming an appendage attached to his character. But we may ask with the poet,

> Whom call we gay? that honor has been long
> The boast of mere pretenders to the name.—
> The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
> That dries his feathers saturate with dew
> Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
> Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
> The peasant too—a witness of his song,
> Himself a songster, is as gay as he—
> But save me from the gaiety of those
> Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
> And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
> Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
> For property stripp'd off by cruel chance—
> From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
> The mouth with blasphemy—the heart with woe.

But to you, ye gentle fair ones, who can smile at the folly ye have too much good sense to imitate, yet give the ready tribute of a tear to a tale of sorrow—who can encourage, with unaffected sweetness, the well-meant wish to amuse, yet listen with calm indifference to the fulsome flattery of fools—to you I dedicate my simple productions—if you will accept them. I please myself with thinking, that those who lose the loveliness of the sex in a blind obedience to folly, are but as foils to shew you off to the greater advantage; and if any of my remarks have tended to make them appear in a less amiable light, it was but to make the feminine beauty and modesty which adorn you, shine with augmented lustre.

*February*, 1805. HENRICUS.

## *FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.*

NO. I.

### LAURA.

WHETHER we explore the pages of antiquity, or whether we examine the records of more modern times, it is impossible to meet with a character more *exalted* than that of *Laura*, or one that excites a greater interest in the mind. The names of Petrarch and Laura are so intimately connected, that it is impossible to give a biographical description of the one, without the other being named; for though an insuperable bar was placed between them, yet their *souls* (if I may use the expression) appear to have been joined.

Though upwards of six hundred years have elapsed, since this incomparable woman was in existence, yet we feel as great an interest in her history, as if she had lived in modern times. This, perhaps, is occasioned by the description Petrarch has given of her, and from the spotless rectitude of her *mind*. This lovely and interesting female was the daughter of a chevalier named *Noves*, whose family had been distinguished for several centuries before her birth, and gave name to the town of *Noves* in Provence, about two leagues from Avignon. At a very early age, her mother contracted her to Hugues de Sade, a gentleman of rank and fortune, but many years older than herself; and this union appears to have proved unpropitious to Laura's happiness, as there does not seem to have existed any similarity in their tastes. How long Laura had been married when she first beheld Petrarch, the biographers of that celebrated poet have not described; but the charms of her person must have been at their zenith, from the following account of her, which is extracted from his life. It was on a Sunday, in the holy week, that Petrarch was going to matins, when he first beheld *her*,

whose image was ever from that moment impressed upon his heart. "She was dressed (says he) in green; her gown was embroidered with violets; but there was something more than mortal in her face and air. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as jet. Golden locks waved over her shoulders, whiter than the driven snow; and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was beautifully formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art in vain attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth, you beheld the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was ever so soft as her looks—so modest as her carriage—so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her; but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the love of virtue; for she was *chaste* as the spangled dew-drop of the morn."

Such is the description which Petrarch gives of the beauteous Laura; yet the charms of her person seem to have been inferior to those of her mind; for though few women have ever been placed in so trying a situation, the tongue of malice never presumed to doubt the purity of her heart. As Petrarch was acquainted with the first families at Avignon, he found no difficulty in being introduced to Laura's friends; an intimacy was the consequence of this introduction, and it is natural to believe that Laura might feel flattered by the friendship of such a man; but the moment he forgot the respect due to her virtue, the moment he suffered the passion which consumed him even to be expressed in his eyes.—"Petrarch, (said she,) I am not the person you have supposed me to be;" and from that moment her conduct towards him was changed. The coldness of *reserve* succeeded the *confidence* of *friendship*; and knowing that Petrarch always followed her footsteps, she never

appeared without a *veil*. Of this severity he complains in the most beautiful of his sonnets, though he never presumed to mention it to the object he adored. Of the inflexibility of her behaviour he speaks in the following manner to Cardinal Cologne, who was acquainted with every emotion of his heart: "It is now seven years since I have sighed night and day for Laura, yet I have no hope of ever being able to make an impression upon her mind. If I fly from her, I am pursued by her image, which penetrates into the remotest shades."

It must not be imagined, from this complaint of Laura's severity, that Petrarch ever encouraged an improper regard; he considered her as a being of a superior order, and his adoration was a mixture of timidity and respect. He had ventured to present this incomparable woman with a sonnet; this she considered as deviating from that propriety which ought to have been observed towards her as a *wife;* and though she must have been flattered by the attentions of a man so highly celebrated as Petrarch, yet she was only anxious to preserve the purity of her fame. She perceived that, amidst all his shining qualities, he possessed violent passions, which it required the utmost precaution to restrain; and it was not sufficient for Laura to know herself to be *virtuous*, for she could not bear the idea of being thought capable of *vice*. United to a man by a contract formed by her parents, whose disposition was not calculated to conciliate regard, it became doubly necessary for her to act with coldness towards a being so dangerous as Petrarch, who could not conceal the passion which occupied his heart. She wished to preserve his friendship, without encouraging an attachment, which she knew proved an impediment to his future prospects in life: for though offices of the first distinction courted his acceptance, as they removed him from the sight of Laura, they were resolutely refused.

Saint Augustine, who had the highest friendship for Petrarch, in vain endeavoured to break through an attachment which he thought prevented him from exerting the superior energies of his mind. "It is to *Laura*, (said Petrarch), whom you would wish me to relinquish, that I am indebted for what *I am*: never should I have attained my present glory and reputation, if the sentiments with which she inspired me, had not called forth those seeds of virtue which nature had planted in my soul! She it was who drew me out of those snares and precipices into which the ardour of youth had plunged me: in fine, she pointed out my road to heaven. The effect of love, is to transform the lover, and to assimilate him to the object beloved. What then can be more virtuous, more perfect, than Laura? In a city where few characters are held sacred, has the breath of calumny dared to assault her? Has any person been able to find any thing reprehensible either in her words or actions? No; they could not even forbear respecting and admiring the transcendency of her virtues. Inflamed with the desire of enjoying, like *her*, a *great reputation*, I have forced through all the obstacles that opposed it. It is the *soul*, not the *person*, of Laura, I adore; that soul, so superior to that of other women. Her conduct, in the gayest moments of her life, is always pure, always uniform, always chaste; and the life she leads, reminds me of that which the blessed pass in heaven."

The severity of Laura's conduct at length induced Petrarch to retire to a small cottage in the neighbourhood of Vaucluse, where he nursed that passion which proved the torment of existence, and composed many of those productions which delighted the world. The constant agitation of his mind at length produced a visible effect upon his constitution; the fire of his imagination began to fade; even Laura felt alarmed at the alteration in his appearance, and her manners towards him again were changed. His friends

friends persuaded him to quit Vaucluse, and relinquish the studies in which he was engaged, conceiving that solitude nourished his passion, and proved injurious to his health. The most distinguished honours at this time awaited him; for he was invited to Paris by the King of France, and to the capital of Italy by the Senate of Rome, for the purpose of complimenting him with the Laurel Crown.

Though Laura had forbid Petrarch from appearing in her presence, yet the honours which were paid to his superior abilities, afforded her delight; and the alteration in his person softened the coldness of her manners towards him, and he again appears to have been permitted to visit at her house. He went to Rome, and travelled through the greater part of Italy: the most flattering distinctions were paid him wherever he came; but the image of Laura still haunted his imagination, and at length he determined to return to Avignon.

Though Laura was still young, and her person exquisitely lovely, yet Petrarch found it considerably changed: domestic inquietudes preyed upon her feelings, for she was as unfortunate as a mother, as she was unhappy as a wife. As she had married when a mere child, her family were grown up around her; but though she had bestowed the greatest pains upon their education, their conduct gave her the utmost concern: her eldest daughter, in particular, was far from a correct character; though the highest principles of virtue had been impressed upon her heart.

Her eldest son is said to have been all the fondest of mothers could have wished him, and she had the misfortune to lose him just as he was entering upon life. Her mother likewise died, whom she was tenderly attached to. These accumulations of affliction pressed heavily upon her mind. Modesty was the peculiar characteristic of Laura; and how dreadful must have been her sensations at seeing the want of it in her child! Notwithstanding the reserve of her

conduct towards Petrarch, she certainly struggled against a passion, which she felt it was her duty to repress. The persuasion of Petrarch's friends, who were numerous and powerful, once more induced him to quit Laura and Avignon. He at first determined to go, without saying farewell to that being whose virtues he venerated, and whose person he adored. Still, however, he lingered round a spot which affection had endeared to him, though he felt the folly of exposing himself to those emotions which the mere view of Laura inspired; and summoning up all his fortitude and resolution, he determined to call upon her for the purpose of taking leave. "She was seated (says he) in the midst of those ladies who are her general companions, and appeared like a beautiful rose in a parterre, surrounded with flowers less beautiful than itself. Her air was more soft and touching than usual: she was dressed perfectly plain, without pearls, garlands, or any gay colours. Though she was not absolutely melancholy, she did not appear with her accustomed cheerfulness: she was serious and thoughtful; she did not sing as was usual with her, nor speak with that sweetness which charmed every ear. She had the air of a person who fears an evil, yet knows not the nature of what they have to dread. In taking leave of her, I sought in her looks a consolation for my sufferings: her eyes had an expression in them I had never seen before, and I deposited to their keeping my most inward thoughts."

This was the last time Laura beheld the man whose affection for her was unbounded, whose attachment was of the purest and exalted kind: he quitted Avignon, went to Verona, and soon had the misery of hearing that the city in which the object of his affection resided, was infested by the plague. The anguish which this intelligence gave him, may be imagined, but it would be difficult for the power of language to describe it: all communication was stopped

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in consequence of this fatal malady; but the fear of Laura falling a victim to it, continually haunted his mind. Though no letters were suffered to pass from Avignon, he was continually writing to the friends who dwelt there. The fears which he felt by day, made such an impression upon his imagination, that the image of the *expiring Laura* haunted him in his dreams. In writing to one of his friends, he says, "Formerly, when I had quitted Laura, I often beheld her angelic spirit in my dreams, and it used to console and comfort me; but it now leaves me oppressed with unutterable despair: it seems to apprize me of the misery with which her death would overwhelm me; but is it necessary that *she* should appear to forewarn me of her fate?"

It has been considered as the mark of weakness and superstition, to be biassed by the impressions which are made upon the mind in dreams; yet who can presume to say that Providence does not permit a foreknowledge of the events which are to happen, through the perceptive faculties which are even invigorated whilst we sleep? That Petrarch was apprized of Laura's death, through the medium of a *vision*, is a circumstance too well authenticated to admit of a doubt; yet the singularity of it is so great, as to excite the astonishment of the most credulous: I shall therefore relate it, for the entertainment of my readers, in his own words.

"Aurora had dispersed that thick darkness which renders the visions of night confused, when I beheld a beautiful female advancing towards me, whose appearance was lovely as an April morn. Her head was crowned with oriental pearls; and, as she drew near me, she extended her hands. Do you recollect *her* (said she, with an air of modesty) who, by engaging the affections of your youth, led you from the common road of life?—Not know you, my good angel? (said I, whilst the tears of affection streamed from my eyes:) yet tell me, I beseech you, are you in death,

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or are you in life?—In life, (said she, in an earnest tone of accent.) It is *you* who are in *death*: and in death must you remain, till the time shall come when you are destined to quit the present world. But we have much to say, and little time for our interview; for the day is at hand; therefore you must be collected, and brief.

"On my expressing the most pungent grief at hearing she was no more, "Petrarch (said she,) you will never be happy, so long as you continue to be governed by the prejudices of the world. My death, which causes you so much affliction, would be the source of the most exquisite joy, could you but know the smallest part of my bliss! To the spotless soul, death is a deliverance from a darksome prison, and an evil only to those who are viciously inclined. And remember, that the severest pains which can surround a death-bed, are the fears of eternal punishment. In the flower of my youth, when you loved me most, and when life was dressed out in all its charms, then was it *bitter*, compared with the happiness which I now enjoy. I felt more transport in the change, than any exile ever experienced in returning to his native country, or the weary traveller enjoyed at the sight of his long-wished-for home. There was but one thing which afflicted me, and that was the thought of leaving you."

"Ah! in the name of that Truth, by which you governed while on earth, and which you now more clearly distinguish in the bosom of Him to whom all things are present, tell me, I conjure you, whether *Love* gave birth to this compassion: for those rigours mixed with softness, those tender angers, and those delicious reconciliations, have for ever kept my heart in uncertainty and doubt."

"You have ever, (said she, with a sigh,) possessed my heart, and shall continue to possess it: but I was obliged to temper the violence of your passion by the movements of my countenance. A good mo-

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ther is never more solicitous about her child, than when she appears to be most displeased with him. How often have I said, Petrarch does not love; he burns with a violent passion, which I must try to regulate: but, alas! this was a difficult task for one whose fears and affections were alike engaged."

"Ah! (said I, with faltering voice, and eyes bedewed with tears,) such sentiments would be ample recompense for all my sufferings, had I but courage to believe them."

"*Faithless man!* (exclaimed she,) what motive can I have for this declaration; had it not been the true cause of that distance and reserve, of which you so often have complained? Recollect the day when you presented me with your sonnets, singing, at the same time,

——"This is all my love dares say."

I received them with kindness. Was not this taking off the veil? My heart was yours, but I chose to be mistress of my eyes. But the morning is far advanced, the sun is emerging from the ocean, and it is with regret I tell you that we now must separate. If you have any thing more to say, be expeditious, and regulate your words by the few moments which remain." I had only time to say, "my sufferings are fully recompensed; but I cannot live without you: tell me, then, whether you think I soon shall follow you."—"If I am not mistaken, (she replied,) you will remain a long time upon the earth."

It is easy to imagine the state of Petrarch's feelings upon waking, as the spirit of his beloved Laura uttered these impressive words. All communication, however, was stopped between Avignon and Parma; and the account of her death did not reach him until the ninth of May. On the third of April, this incomparable woman was seized with a spitting of blood, which was a symptom that preceded the plague,

plague, and immediately felt a presentiment that she should not survive. Death, however, appeared to her divested of his terrors: she received the sacrament, and arranged all her temporal concerns, with as much composure as if merely preparing for a journey; and though suffering the severest tortures, she endeavoured to reconcile her friends to her loss.

Not any thing can be a greater proof of the tenderness they felt towards her, than their all assembling round her, in spite of her infectious disorder; for it was even customary for the *nearest relations* to fly from the being who was languishing under that complaint. Laura was seized with it three days before Petrarch had that extraordinary vision, and expired at the very moment that it occurred. Her soul departed gently, without a struggle, like a lamp whose oil gradually wastes. She died on the sixth of April, 1348; and her body was interred in a chapel which her husband had built.

In a work peculiarly calculated for the perusal of the fair sex, a character perfect as that of Laura, cannot be inaptly introduced; for in her were united such an assemblage of feminine virtues, that they must naturally make an impression upon the heart, and excite an honorable emulation to become equally respected, beloved, and admired.

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## *ON IDEAL HAPPINESS.*

THERE is hardly a man, whatever may be his circumstances and situation in life, but, if you get his confidence, will tell you, that he is not happy. It is, however, certain, all men are not unhappy in the same degree; though, by these accounts, we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for, by supposing, that all men measure the happiness they possess, by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve? A.

## *A FRAGMENT.*

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.
*Man* with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a beau.

MERRICK'S TALE OF MONKIES.

I TOOK leave of my dear wife, and five darling children, with some emotion, hastened to my carriage, and late in the evening entered London. However strange it may appear, I had not visited the Metropolis for five years; but an old friend sent me so pressing an invitation for a week, that I could not refuse to comply with his wishes. I found my friend well, and glad to see me. The second day after my arrival in town, my friend told me he was engaged to spend the evening with a large party, at a lady's house at the west end of the town, and begged I would accompany him. Though I am an old-fashioned man, yet I thought I should like to see a little of the gay world, in which I used to mix when I was a young man. Accordingly we went, though at so late an hour, that nothing but the novelty of the scene could have kept me from falling asleep. Many things caught my attention; such as the peculiar dress—or rather undress—of the ladies; and the loud talking of a party of gentlemen near me. I watched with attention their animated countenances; I heard, with wonder, the loud laughing, and incoherent speeches; but, after a short time, I found the subjects of their conversation were fox-hounds, hunters, races, &c. Surely, said I to my friend, this kind of conversation cannot entertain the ladies. "They do not regard the ladies, (replied he:) their only concern is to please themselves." I thought this strange; but soon my eye was caught with

with a very extraordinary young man: his dress was finical in the extreme; he was perpetually pulling up his cravat, and twisting the rings on his fingers: he devoted himself entirely to the ladies; first seating himself by one, then by another; all the time chattering in the most singular, and, to *me*, incoherent manner: he laughed with vehemence; then sighed; then uttered several more unmeaning and disjointed sentences; and at last pulled out of his pocket a box, rapped it with his elbow, and took a profuse quantity of snuff. "Alas! poor maniac! (said I, looking at my friend,) surely thou hast lost thy reason: who could suffer thee to enter amidst this company?" "You mistake, (said my friend, smiling;) he is not insane; he is only what the *ladies* call a beau."—"But (said I) what is the subject of his conversation?" "Any thing, or nothing, (replied my friend;) he only strives to please the fair sex." Presently this *Mr. Beau* held to his eye a kind of spying-glass. "Poor man, is he blind? (asked I:) what a sad misfortune!" "O! no, (said my friend,) not *really* blind; but it is the fashion to appear to be so; it is only a quizzing-glass."—A quizzing-glass! thought I; what kind of glass is that. Turning towards this singular gentleman, I observed him making the most horrid grimaces, and grinning very much like an ape, which, when a boy, I once saw at a country fair. My friend guessing I was surprised, told me, the gentleman had a remarkable fine set of teeth, which he was endeavouring to display to the ladies. "Do the ladies (asked I) really like this strange creature?"—"Surely they do, (replied my friend;) see with what complacent smiles they listen to his silly speeches: look at that little *painted butterfly*, see how she dimples;

> "Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
> The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears."

"Pray

"Pray (said I, directing my eyes towards a young lady, who was thought by far the finest and most elegant woman in the room, whom this young man had never once addressed) what is the reason that this lady passes unnoticed by Beau?"—"She is a young lady (replied my friend) of superior taste and understanding; her mind is highly cultivated; yet, though her manners are not the least tinctured with conceit or pedantry, there is a certain dignity in them which he is not used to meet with in her sex, and which makes him afraid of her. Her manners are quite free from levity: her dress, though elegant, is *decorous*, and is not quite the height of the fashion: in short, he would not suit her, or she him: *she* is very sensible, and he is (or at least appears to be) quite the reverse." I soon became wearied, and was fearful of falling asleep, when at last, to my infinite satisfaction, my friend took his leave.

I passed several more evenings in this *cheerful* manner; and was glad, at the expiration of the week, to bid adieu to my friend and the Metropolis. I had a pleasant journey: and when I alighted at my own gate, my dear wife and children ran out to meet me, dressed in all their best. "My dears, (said I,) why so drest? who did you expect to-day?" "Who! (said my dear Emma, with her usual vivacity:) we expected you, my dear, good papa; and who could we dress for half so well?" Sweet innocents! should chance ever throw you into the scenes I have so lately witnessed, my heart trembles——

"Ah! vices, gilded by the rich and gay."

*W—— Hall,* A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.
*February* 14, 1805.

## *A TALE OF TRUTH.*

Man's bliss is like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One, ignorance; the other, pain disguis'd:
Thou wert, had all thy wishes been possest,
Supremely curs'd, by being greatly blest.

POPE.

"LOUISA, my love, (said Sir William Walpole to his daughter, as they were sitting one morning at breakfast,) you are the only child now left to me out of five; I hope you would not do any thing to make your father wretched." "Do you suspect me capable of it, Sir?" asked Louisa, tenderly taking his hand. "I will tell you, my child," replied the old man. "I have heard that Herbert has endeavoured to win your affections, and has not been so unsuccessful as I could have wished." Louisa let fall the hand of her father, and remained silent. "Ah! I see it, (cried he, with rising anger.) Remember, girl, if you give yourself to him, you lose your father's affection for ever." "My dear Sir, (said Louisa, timidly,) how can you think Mr. Herbert so unworthy!" "I do not think him unworthy; but I think him unfit for the daughter of a Baronet. He is but a young merchant; and the next post may confirm his ruin. He is a man of no family; and I have formed the highest expectations for you: your beauty, your accomplishments"—"But, my dear father!"—"Say no more, child; I tell you it shall not be. I have other views for you. Marry that beggarly merchant, and I disinherit you. Mind my words." Sir William left his daughter in tears. Her heart was tenderly attached to Herbert; yet she was gentle and affectionate to her parent. After a thousand struggles, she resolved to sacrifice her love to her duty; and wrote immediately to her dear Herbert, that she must never see him more. But how fragile are the resolutions of eighteen! The following letter too soon made Love triumphant over that slumbering centinel, Duty. "Cruel

"Cruel Louisa! can you thus readily devote yourself to misery, by an act of imaginary virtue? Have not you plighted your faith to me; thus making yourself mine by every tie of honor and affection? Think not that your father will prove so inflexible as he threatens:—A child so fondly beloved, cannot be cast off at will: he designs but to frighten you into obedience: or, even if he should disinherit you, can you not confide in my affection? Have I ever given you cause to doubt that you would be dear to me under any circumstances? I have sufficient to maintain us genteelly, though not in the splendor to which you have been accustomed. Or, should misfortune overtake us, I could smile in the face of poverty, while blest with my Louisa. There are a thousand resources, which I need not now enumerate, which would effectually secure us from want: and let me not dare to harbour a thought, that Louisa is sordid or ambitious."

Thus, in the common-place rhapsody of a lover, Herbert wrote; and, to do him justice, he was sincere in what he advanced. Young, gay, and thoughtless, he was dazzled by Louisa's beauty and brilliant qualifications: he loved her without one mercenary thought; and imagined that no change of situation could effect a change in his sentiments. Louisa readily credited the fond tale, and eloped with him. Contrary to their expectations, Sir William was inexorable: after much entreaty, he sent them his blessing; but obstinately adhered to his declaration, that he would never give them a shilling. The young couple, happy in each other, were satisfied at having succeeded so far. Absorbed in conjugal felicity, Herbert grew negligent of his affairs: every gratification he procured for Louisa, while it proved his regard, diminished his property. Accustomed to affluence and splendor, she thought these indulgences were matters of no moment; till, in an hour

of horror, she found her husband was bankrupt! In agony she applied to her father: he refused her the smallest assistance, but on condition that she would leave her husband, and return to his protection. Louisa was indignant at the proposal: and, overwhelmed with sorrow, Herbert surrendered all, and was removed to prison, where Louisa attended him. Pallid with care, meanly habited, and shrinking with disgust from the surrounding scenes, her person lost most of its charms; her spirits sunk, her health declined; the sigh of anguish was construed into the murmur of reproach, and the temper of Herbert grew morose: he once hinted, that a man in his situation, should have chosen a wife whose talents were useful rather than ornamental; and the reflection stung Louisa to the soul. Such, thought she, is the ingratitude of man. An act of insolvency at length released Herbert: he took a lodging for his wife, and got a situation in a counting-house. Still the want of domestic economy in his wife embarrassed his finances. His friends were lavish of admiration; and his natural love of gaiety made him invite party after party, to gaze at and praise his beautiful wife. Jealousy soon began to corrode his bosom; he grew petulant and capricious. Louisa brought him no children to endear his home to him; and when once he became fearful that her attachment was less ardent, he entertained his friends abroad. Louisa bore the changes of his temper with patience, but not without regret. The malicious insinuations of his friends at length ventured to attack the fame of Louisa; and, in a moment of inebriation, Herbert dared to utter a reproach. Louisa had been sitting up several hours for him; and her temper, ruffled by his situation, was doubly irritated by this unkindness. When he had thrown himself on the bed, she sunk into a chair, and gave way to the most gloomy reflections. The loud breathing of Herbert convinced her he was asleep: she took up the candle, and, for

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a few moments, gazed on his distorted features. "Is this the man (said she mentally) I so fondly loved, for whom I sacrificed rank, fortune, and duty? How changed is his appearance since calamity overtook us! His disposition, too! I am no longer the idol of his affection; he thinks me changed as himself. I am an incumbrance, degraded, reviled!—Reviled by him!—Oh, heaven, the thought is madness!" These workings of her mind brought on a momentary phrenzy: she caught up a long shawl, which was near, and throwing it over her, descended the stairs with eager trepidation, and hurried into the street, heedless of her appearance. She stopped not till she reached Westminster Bridge. The moon shone with melancholy lustre on the water; she gazed wildly around her: a sudden thought filled her distracted brain, and she rushed down the steps, fully determined to put a period to her wretched existence. The watchman, who had observed a figure in white approaching the bridge-stairs at that unseasonable hour, had the presence of mind to pursue her, and caught her arm just in time to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. "For the love of God, Mistress, what would you do? (cried the poor man.) Go home good woman." Louisa gave a scream of terror, and sunk lifeless in his arms. Fortunately, the man's wife had a lodging in a court just by: thither he hastened with his inanimate burden. His wife, not well pleased at being disturbed from a comfortable sleep, desired he would "carry his drunken madams to the watch-house." "You are a hard-hearted woman, (said the honest fellow:) but this is no such trumpery as you imagine; 'tis a poor lady, whose life I have saved; and I warrant, you will be well paid for whatever trouble you may have with her. So, d'ye see, I cannot stop to quarrel now." This pacifying speech, as he expected, entirely changed the tone of his wife: she jumped out of bed, struck a light, and finding Louisa still insensible, laid her between

the blankets, and used every effort to recover her. In this she was at length successful: but the agitation and anxiety she had endured, together with the extreme cold she had been so long exposed to, threw her into such alarming shivering fits, that the woman was obliged to send immediately for some medical assistance; and, towards morning, the symptoms of a dangerous fever were rapidly augmenting. Louisa, still resolute in her determination of quitting her husband, preserved an obstinate silence respecting her name and situation; but shared the contents of her purse, which did not amount to more than five guineas, between the woman and the physician, who was necessarily called in. In a few days her disorder rose to such a height, that she was quite delirious; and her hostess, fearing she would die on her hands, without leaving sufficient to defray the expenses incurred, took an opportunity of searching her pockets; and, to her great surprise and pleasure, found a sealed letter, directed to Sir William Walpole. This she shewed to the physician, who fortunately was acquainted with the Baronet, and undertook to wait on him with it. Sir William, who had long since ceased to think about his disobedient daughter, (or, if he did suffer her image to obtrude for a moment, chased it from him again with resentment,) was in the utmost astonishment at the communication made by the physician; and condescended to read the letter, which he had once returned unopened. "My poor child! (cried he, bursting into tears,) thou hast suffered for the error of youth, and my arms shall once more embrace thee. Lead me to my daughter, Sir. Her death will cause mine; for my cruelty has caused her sin and misery."

Louisa was slowly recovering, when she heard the voice of her father as he ascended to her apartment. Her terror was extreme; but a moment convinced her she had nothing to dread. Sir William embraced her with rapture; heaped execrations on her hus-

band, and insisted on her being immediately removed to his house. This was soon effected. The good watchman was liberally rewarded; and Mrs. Herbert gradually recovered health and strength. Still her mind was anxiously troubled for the fate of her husband. In a moment of just indignation, she had flown from him; but when reflection had scope, she condemned her own rashness, and felt all her former affection return. She dared not let his name escape her lips, for her father had strictly forbidden it; and, while he lavished every fond indulgence on her, her heart sickened with the thought, that her poor Herbert might then be languishing in a prison. This idea haunted her incessantly, and she resolved to discover his real situation. Making a confidant of Dr. Bentley, the kind physician who had attended her in her illness, she requested his assistance; and giving him Herbert's address, begged he would use his endeavours to discover his sentiments respecting her flight; and, without using her name, afford him whatever relief his circumstances might require. Bentley accordingly waited on Herbert, as if from Sir William, requesting intelligence of Louisa. At her name, the indignant heart of Herbert swelled with emotion. "Tell her father, Sir, (said he,) that she has left me. This kindness comes too late. I have been thoughtless, imprudent; and my punishment is just, though it has been inflicted in a manner I little expected. Since my wife has proved faithless, I have nothing in the world left to care for. Perhaps she now revels in splendor, and thinks not of me. No matter; it was on her account alone that the sting of poverty had power to wound me: alone, I can brave my misery without shrinking." Bentley admired the generosity of his sentiments, and ventured to make a few enquiries and observations respecting the cause of his wife's elopement. "I am lost in conjecture, (replied Herbert.) In form, in soul, Louisa was an angel of purity. Our marriage was the result

sult of sincere and ardent affection; yet calamity had the power to change us both." "It changed your tempers, not your hearts, I imagine," (said Bentley.) "True, (returned Herbert;) youth, ever sanguine, thinks that spring must last all the year; and impatience at the disappointment, makes us unmindful of the blessings which even the most rigorous season affords; instead of providing and securing ourselves against the inevitable storms of life. But it is too late to moralize—a parent's severity blighted all our prospects.—I seek not to palliate my own errors: I saw the woman I fondly loved, reduced to indigence: I knew myself the cause of it: and, too conscious of the obligation, I fancied her mind laboured with reproaches which her lips hesitated to utter. Ah, Sir, it is too true, that the love which brings with it poverty, cannot fail to bring with it misery most poignant. Affluence too often renders the heart insensible to tender sentiments; but a competence is necessary to ensure comfort; and without this, love can prove but a source of discontent and anguish!"—"Three years ago you would not have listened to such arguments, (said Dr. Bentley, smiling.) However, since you have bought your experience so dearly, I must not venture to jest at your expense. But tell me, Sir, do you think your wife has wholly abandoned you? Suppose she had commissioned me to relieve you from any embarrassment of a pecuniary nature?"—"I would scorn her assistance (cried he, vehemently) at the price of her infamy. No, Sir, I am going abroad: this country is hateful to me: it is my ardent prayer that I may never live to return." Dr. Bentley was much affected by his manner, and pressed his hand warmly. "My dear Sir, I have a particular favour to request of you; promise that you will not leave this house 'till I see you again; I think I shall have it in my power to bring you interesting intelligence of Mrs. Herbert."

Herbert

Herbert shook his head mournfully. "Any intelligence concerning her must interest me; but I strive to banish her from my heart; I shall depart hence to-morrow." "I will see you again to-night," said Bentley; and with these words he took leave of the agitated Herbert; resolving not to repeat to Louisa the particulars of his conversation with him. The worthy man hastened to Sir William, and informed him of all that had passed. "He is a good lad, (exclaimed the Baronet;) I alone was to blame; now I will make them amends; for they have suffered enough through my caprice." He immediately sent for his daughter, and acquainted her with Herbert's sentiments, and intention of going abroad; adding, that, if she had the least wish to share his destiny, he would advance a trifle for their present use, and allow her to accompany him; but that they must trust to their own exertions for their future support; otherwise he would give her a splendid establishment, and leave her wholly independent. To this Louisa replied, "That prosperity had no charms for her while separated from her husband, whose affection once constituted her greatest felicity; and that it was her first wish to entreat his pardon for her rash desertion, which she should never cease to regret." "Far, far, be it from me to wish to part you, (cried the old man:) we have all erred, my child; now let us try who can be most generous in forgiveness." Sir William then ordered his chariot, and conveyed his anxious daughter to the house from which she had flown, as she then thought, for ever. Herbert was enraptured and astonished to behold her; all his proud resentment vanished at the sight of his Louisa; he pressed her fondly in his arms, and bathed her pale cheek with tears of tenderness: but when Walpole proudly expatiated on his daughter's constancy, affection, and generosity, Herbert felt his emotions too painfully pleasing for utterance. "You see, my children, (said the Baronet,) how many calamities

are

are produced in the conjugal state, for want of a little mutual forbearance. Providence has in our case made our failings productive of every happiness; let us not tempt our fate a second time, but act with discretion in prosperity; and in adversity, bear our misfortunes with the patience becoming Christians: in future we will be as one family, loving, and forgiving the failings of each other. What I have shall be yours with my best blessing." The delighted pair fell at his feet, and acknowledged his kindness, and their own unworthiness; while the good Bentley stood a pleased spectator of a scene so gratifying, as the happy re-union of a family whose felicity had suffered a temporary suspension, but whose hearts, being virtuously inclined, had regulated the wanderings of youthful imagination, and taught them to seek happiness only, in the performance of the most sacred duties—obedience to a parent, and implicit fulfilment of the marriage vow.

E. F.

## *ON THE MOTIVES TO GOOD WORKS.*

CONSCIOUS that human actions are acceptable to the Almighty only in proportion as they are prompted by motives of the purest virtue, men ought benevolently to suppose that every good work springs from an untainted source, and is performed merely for the benefit of mankind; but human actions are exposed to the influence of a variety of secondary causes, and cannot always be the pure production of an unbiassed heart. Good works, however, from whatever motive they arise, always convey a certain satisfaction and complacency to the mind; but when the real merit of the performer is to be actually investigated, the inquiry must always be, whether the mind was not actuated by sinister views, by the hope of gratifying a momentary passion, by the feelings of self-love, rather than by the sympathies of brotherly affection?

Z.

## *PAULIN;*

OR,

## THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

[Continued from page 166.]

THE marriage of Robert and Henrietta being over, they occupied themselves about mine. The contract was signed, and the day fixed on was the Tuesday following, it now being Saturday. At five in the evening, M. Durant received a letter from the notary, containing the sale of the dwelling-house and warehouse, who informed him, that a purchaser presented himself; that, in consequence, he must hold himself in readiness to receive him, and get every thing in order: accordingly, an hour after, the notary, and a Hambro' merchant, arrived, and took a survey of the house and shop, taking exact notes as well of the merchandise as of the furniture. Mr. Speckleer (for that was the name of the Hambro' merchant) appeared satisfied with the situation, merchandise, and furniture. He afterwards asked M. Durant how many we were in the house, who satisfied him in that particular, by calling us together round him. The notary smiled, and said, shewing me to Mr. Speckleer, "Here is a young man who has given a very rare proof of obligingness and candour: we had an English Captain here, who found himself on the eve of going to prison for want of the sum of six thousand franks; and M. Paulin, who had realized so much by ten years economy, hesitated not to make the sacrifice, to save the Englishman from the distress that threatened him." Mr. Speckleer cast his eyes on me, and considered me very attentively. He said afterwards to the notary, "Without doubt, the English Captain has hastened to repay the sum, and added some gift to it?" "No, indeed, Sir; the money is yet unpaid." "And will

never return, Mr. Notary," said Henrietta.——" I am of opinion that Mrs. Robert has not given her consent to this loan; and her project of marriage broken with M. Paulin, proves it evidently enough." ——" I conceive, I have acted with prudence; every one will acknowledge it, and M. Paulin cannot contradict me. The Captain, a man of so much probity and honor, promised to remit the sum at the end of six weeks, and more than a year has elapsed without receiving the least tidings of him."—" That is true, Madam; but a number of unforeseen circumstances has hindered the worthy man I have obliged from fulfilling his promise."—" M. Paulin, self-love alone hinders you from acknowledging you have done a foolish thing: your money is lost, and your Englishman is nothing but a cheat." " I beseech you, Madam, not to make use of a term which Captain Wilkes is by no means deserving of. I did what I conceived I ought to do, and I shall never regret it."—" O, surely! your pride will always hinder you from acknowledging that you have been the dupe of your high sentiments."

The notary laughed at this little altercation between Mrs. Robert and me. Mr. Speckleer listened unconcernedly, and seemed to pay no attention to our discourse. M. Durant shrugged up his shoulders, and gave me a sign to let the subject drop. As to Robert, the expression of his countenance announced, that they had gained the cause by the perspicacity of his wife.

" They speak of your marriage," said the Notary to me, " with Miss Bertrand."—" It is appointed, and fixed, Sir, for Tuesday next."—" I compliment you on the occasion, M. Paulin; and with the greater pleasure, because they assure me, that her portion replaces the six thousand franks you have lost."—" Replaces them! Certainly," says Mrs. Robert, " had M. Paulin had the sense to keep his own, he would have had twelve instead of six."

Mr.

Mr. Speckleer asked me if marriage was an epidemical disorder in the house? M. Durant answered, apparently it was so, since he was determined to be married also, as soon as the premises were disposed of. Addressing himself afterwards to me, he asked what project of establishment I had formed.—"That of a mercer, not having sufficient property to undertake the grocery trade, which I preferred."—"I wish you, Sir, success in it; advising you to be more prudent in the confidence you grant to those who may inspire you with an interest in their concerns; being of the same opinion, on a certain point, with this young Lady, that one ought to be well informed in employing one's money."—"I have well employed mine, since it has served to make one happy man."—"I buy these premises, Sir, for a friend of mine; do you think that this establishment, with prudence and activity, can insure him a happy lot?"—"Certainly, Sir, this house being well known for near a century, it may reasonably be expected, that, with a general knowledge of business, he may do exceeding well in it."—"But the price appears to me considerable; a hundred and twenty thousand franks is a very large sum."—"I can assure you, Sir, that I, who have no interest in the affair, consider the terms as very moderate."—"That is to say, Sir, if you had that sum, you would not hesitate to purchase it."—"No; I would even give something more; and I am fully convinced M. Durant, who has infinitely more knowledge than me, would not hesitate." Mr. Speckleer retired with the notary, telling us, that on Monday morning the purchaser, in whose name he acted, would take possession; and that it would be afterwards allowed each of us to take our respective parts in the concern, as suited us best.

This news gave me so much the greater pleasure, as it afforded me free liberty to celebrate my marriage, and consider my establishment. I hastened

to inform Josephine and her relations of this happy adventure. "That is lucky, indeed," replied the good Bertrand; "we shall then be at liberty to celebrate your wedding as we wish. Well! to-morrow we must give the invitations: we have accepted those of Mr. and Mrs. Robert; you must to-morrow, my children, give them yours in return." "We will; and I hope they will not feel less pleasure in dancing at our wedding, than we did at theirs." "As to Mrs. Robert, I doubt it," said Mad. Bertrand. "I know not why, but I have some suspicion that this marriage is not to her taste."—"What an idea, wife! Mrs. Robert has no further claim to our friend Paulin: he is now wholly Josephine's."—"I wonder who dares dispute it, (said Josephine, taking my hand:) he is every thing to me; and I would dispute my title with the whole world."

I imprinted a kiss on the lips of Josephine, assuring her, that nobody could dispute with her a claim, which, however, had no other value than what she was pleased to attach to it.—"Will you always have so much modesty, my friend? Will not marriage give you a little self-love?" "If I had it to acquire, I could not better manifest it, than in the tenderness of Josephine." Another kiss put an end to our discourse.

On my return home, M. Durant, Mr. and Mrs. Robert, and myself, conversed the remainder of the evening about Mr. Speckleer's visit, and the purchaser who was coming to take possession. Robert expressed the embarrassment in which he found himself, having decided nothing about his future establishment. His wife did not appear so uneasy; and her motive was evident, from the necessity the purchaser would be under, to continue those who were essentially necessary to carry on the business. "M. Durant," said she, "has his plan quite fixed; M. Paulin is about to occupy himself with his; and I do not see that we, who are at liberty to remain here

for some time, need be uneasy; that liberty will give us an opportunity to choose a convenient part."

The next day was devoted to visits and customary invitations. In the evening, M. and Mad. Bertrand, I and Josephine, walked to Rosendall, where we met Mr. Speckleer in the gardens, whom I saluted. Recollecting me, he came up, and addressed me, saying, "I thought I was not mistaken; you are one of the clerks in the house I have bought?"—"Yes, Sir."—"And that lady, I presume, is your intended;" bowing to Josephine: "I give you joy on the occasion. The day after to-morrow, I think you are to be married: allow me to invite myself to the wedding."—"Sir, you do us great honor, and we accept with pleasure this mark of respect you show us."

Here, M. and Mad. Bertrand interposed, and perplexed themselves with complimenting Mr. Speckleer. My father Bertrand, who had a spice of gaiety, dared even to offer him a bowl of bischop,* which Mr. Speckleer accepted with an air of benevolence, which flattered me much.

M. and Mad. Bertrand, who found Mr. Speckleer disposed to hear them, profited so well of it, as not to leave one of the events of my life untold: that of Captain Wilkes was the one on which they enlarged with the greatest complaisance: according to their account, nobody was so perfect as Paulin; and their praises made me redden several times: but what seemed to interest Mr. Speckleer most, was my rupture with Henrietta, and the love I afterwards felt for Josephine, after being abandoned by the other.

"I am very glad," said Mr. Speckleer, "that this young man is worthy, by his conduct, of your friendship; but I think he wants a certain frankness. How can he persuade us that he still esteems Captain Wilkes, when he repays him with the blackest ingratitude? Losses are never borne with gaiety of



* A sort of Negus drank in Germany.

heart, and, above all, by people in his situation, nor withour regret, especially of so large a sum." "Sir," replied my father Bertrand with warmth, "our Paulin possesses even frankness; he never disguises what he thinks; and the loss of his money is what affects him the least. If Captain Wilkes is in misfortune, he should write boldly that it is impossible for him to repay our friend, and M. Paulin would wait his time. I think if Captain Wilkes had written to M. Paulin, he could not be accused of ingratitude; it is the least thing done, to write, when one cannot keep one's engagements; and that of the English Captain is an engagement of honor."—"It may be Captain Wilkes is dead, without being able to fulfil his promise; and I shall repeat it always, that regret at having obliged him will never enter my heart."—"You deserve, my dear friend, a prosperous lot; and I do not doubt but Providence will aid you in all your enterprises. It is already late, we must depart. Tell M. Durant, that to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock precisely, I shall be at your house. I appoint so early an hour, that all may be done in the morning, and that you may devote the rest of the day to this amiable young lady."

Mr. Speckleer having left us, we returned to M. Bertrand's. Our conversation turned upon Mr. Speckleer, whose air towards me I found less severe than the evening before. Intoxicated with the happiness my union with Josephine promised me, I was in a charming humour, which M. and Mad. Bertrand and Josephine partook with me. I did not quit them until midnight; and at last they were, literally speaking, obliged to turn me out of doors, which highly diverted them. At home, I found every one gone to rest; and was obliged to awake M. Durant, to acquaint him with my rencounter with Mr. Speckleer, and to inform him that he was to be at the warehouse at eight in the morning.

I rose

I rose early, and yet I found all the house was up before me. Robert and his wife had an air of content upon their countenances, which did not escape me, the cause of which I could not penetrate. Eight o'clock had scarce struck, before Mr. Speckleer and the notary arrived, followed by several porters loaden with chests of different sizes. Mr. Speckleer addressed himself to Robert and his wife, saying, "You have written to me for permission to remain here for six months, or a year, to initiate the new purchaser in the nature of the house and business: I answered you, that it did not depend on me to give you that satisfaction. In a short time you will know the master of the house; he will see if your proposal suits him, and you will also see if it suits you to remain with him."

Mr. Speckleer ordered the men afterwards to open the chests. They contained linens, muslins, cambrics, silk stuffs in pieces, plate, porcelain, in short, every thing which could embellish the house, and make it one of the most agreeable in the town.

Mr. Speckleer ordered the linens and stuffs to be placed in the closets; the plate and porcelain garnished the buffets; the mantle-piece and corbels were adorned with every article which could with propriety belong to them.

As they placed the different articles, Mr. Speckleer asked me if I liked them, if they were to my taste; and I answered his questions in a manner that seemed to give him pleasure. Mrs. Robert and her husband added their praises to mine; and every word they uttered, made Mr. Speckleer and the notary smile. When every thing was perfectly arranged, Mr. Speckleer appeared impatient. "They are long a coming," said he to the notary. "You have given a positive order?"—"Yes, I am astonished they are not here." As he finished these words, one of the servants opened the door, saying to the notary, "Sir, they wait for you." He went out.

Mr. Speckleer, approaching me, and taking me by the hand, said, "M. Paulin, I am delighted that the arrangements made in this house are agreeable to you: it is yours; I pray you to accept it as the assurance of grateful friendship."

Thunderstruck with these words, I was going to ask an explanation, when the door opened, and the notary entered with Josephine and her aunt on each side of him, followed by my father Bertrand. My surprise was extreme; I could not believe my own eyes; and I was so benumbed, I could scarce pronounce a single word. Mr. Speckleer, who enjoyed our surprise, took Josephine by the hand, and presenting her to me, said, "See here, M. Paulin, the amiable person you have chosen for a companion. Recover your surprise, and receive the reward of a good action. You have saved Captain Wilkes from prison; you have not calculated whether the service you rendered him was injurious to your interest or not; you have followed simply the impulse of a good heart; you have suffered for this action the blackest ingratitude from the woman you loved; and, ever satisfied in having obliged a gentleman, you have had the noble courage to overcome her having abandoned you, by breaking, at last, the bonds unworthy of a heart like yours, and by uniting yourself to a person who combines every virtue, and whom the ties of blood attach to those who protected your youth and the misfortunes of your early years.

"Captain Wilkes is my nephew, only son of my sister, and my only heir. Scarce was he landed in England, before he was obliged to depart upon the instant for India: he had but just time to write, and give me the detail of your generous action towards him; requesting me immediately to reimburse you the sum you had lent him, and to reward it as far as in my power. I acknowledge to you, M. Paulin, that my nephew's letter caused in me the liveliest emotion; and, from the instant I received it, I purposed to recompense you beyond your expectations; but beforehand,

forehand, I wished to have a full conviction of your qualities, by seeking to convince myself, whether any particular interest had been your motive: a sure correspondent I have in this town, has informed me of all the details which concern you; I have by this means acquired certain information, that the sole desire to oblige determined you to assist my nephew.

"This house belongs to you, as well as the merchandise and furniture: continue the commerce of your late mistress: here are letters of credit on Hambro', which you may make use of at all times when your commercial operations require them; and allow me to add thereto, for the good and sensible Josephine, this box: the jewels it contains cannot embellish her mind, but may add a charming embellishment to her countenance."

A skilful painter would have found a subject whereon to exercise his pencil, in tracing the different expressions which animated each of the spectators. A pure joy sparkled in the eyes of Mr. Speckleer. The notary cast on Mrs. Robert, looks which seemed to say, now, interested woman, are you sufficiently punished? M. and Mad. Bertrand sobbed, and only pronounced words by syllables, which were meant to express their surprise and joy. Josephine had, in the expression of her countenance, the attitude of a young virgin in a celestial ecstacy. M. Durant looked at each by turns, and appeared delighted at my happiness. The elbow of Mrs. Robert resting on the mantle-piece, with a sullen and silent air, her eyes fixt on the floor; every thing announced the trouble with which her soul was agitated. Her husband, standing near her, had the appearance of a man petrified. For myself, I cast my eyes on the group that surrounded me, conceiving myself under some sweet illusion.

A profound silence reigned for some minutes, which was not interrupted but by the notary, who read

read the contract which made me owner of the house, and all it contained.

The reading finished, Mr Speckleer asked Robert and his wife, if they still had an intention to remain in the house: this question put Henrietta in motion; she looked steadfastly at me, and I saw in her features the expression of grief with which it was overwhelmed. "Madam," said Mr. Speckleer to her, "you are already but too much punished in losing the estimable man who wished to unite himself with you. A selfish heart, which does not expand with sweet benevolence towards those who suffer, ought not to expect the sweet enjoyments of life; and I feel you cannot remain under orders in a house where you ought to have been the mistress, had your conduct been different. Your self-interested mind could not support the spectacle of the happiness of this married couple; so that I cannot fulfil your request; it would be an insult to you. I know the mind of M. Paulin sufficiently, not to doubt but he will render you all the services you may want in your future establishment."

Poor Mrs. Robert was too much humbled not to inspire in each of us, real compassion. In spite of all her wrongs to me, I felt at the bottom of my heart, the liveliest desire to mollify her situation. I rose, and prevailed on her to seat herself; saying to her at the same time, "Madam, behold in me a sincere friend, who will always be ready to serve you, as well as your husband; and I am convinced that she who is to be my wife, will see nothing but a friend in you."——"With all my heart!" cried Josephine, embracing her.

Mrs. Robert burst into tears; and the abundance of them that fell, relieved the oppression that overwhelmed her. As soon as she could articulate words, she said, "M. Paulin, I do not deserve your friendship; I ought to have known you better; but interest, cursed interest, fascinated my sight."

Mr.

Mr. Speckleer had ordered dinner to be got ready, when each insensibly took his ordinary situation. Robert and his wife were even capable of driving from their countenances the traces of embarrassment that my unexpected good fortune had caused. The dinner was very gay, and the evening passed in the transports of mutual joy.

*(To be continued.)*

## THOUGHTS

ON THE

## *PRESENT RAGE FOR LEARNING.*

SAINT PAUL, I think, was told, "Too much learning had made him mad!" and Mr. Howel, in one of his excellent letters to Lord D——, in 1647, seems to think, that the world at that period was too learned for the happiness of its inhabitants! and that the public charities then erected, were doing more hurt than good! What must this writer have thought, had he been now living, to have seen so many students, and enlightened minds, pouring from every corner, and every village graced with a charity school? where those children, which seem ordained by Providence to gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, are taught, by the good intent of their benefactors, to disdain such an idea!—I heard a sturdy girl, as I was taking my morning's ramble, say, "I will not be a servant of all work!" "And I (said her companion) will be a mantuamaker; for mother insists on it, I shall not be a slave!" "No, (rejoined a lad, who had been happy enough to have been taught his grammar, and to hold a pen,) no, Susan, nor will I; for I shall be a *clark*. Father must thrash in a barn; but that will not I; for it would be a shame, you know, to lose my learning!"

This

This is but a small specimen of the danger that will accrue from this rage for learning. What I would stipulate for is, that there may be a calculation made in every parish, how many of those learned indigents are likely to get their bread by their learning; for, depend on it, with the present new ideas which our poor have imbibed, misery will be the attendant of too many of those whose lot it is to labor for their bread. I am not very old; but I remember the time when forgeries were by no means so frequent as at present; and every thinking mind will allow, that the more we obtain of knowledge, the more we feel the misfortunes which are incident to life: and as Providence has so ordered it, that there must be links of all kinds in the chain of nature, why are we bringing all to a level? The middle class are certainly (at least many of them) as wise, and as learned, as the higher orders of people were a century back. Now, as I do not think the latter are improved, all I fear is, that, as learning inspires ambition, and the desire of imitating our betters, we should be brought to a general bankruptcy, both with regard to our property, and that useful industry which the good wives of this happy nation used to be so famed for. It is some years since I have observed, that the wives and daughters of our yeomen have in a manner forsaken their dairies; and if the learning now in fashion prevails any length of time, we shall not get a servant that will undertake to make cheese, or churn butter. But this is not all the inconvenience which will attend so many needlewomen; for there are so many mantuamakers in each parish already, that the lowest servant is dressed as much in style as a lady of fortune! The consequence is, that a poor man dare not marry a girl with a turbaned head, and a habit-shirt; things which his conscience tells him he cannot afford. What is to be done? She falls a sacrifice to the first libertine she allures by the indecency and incongruity of her appearance; and consequently

ends

ends her days in a vicious course of life, which, had she been brought up to the good old way of spinning, and household work, she might have avoided; and, with a mind uncontaminated with the ambition of out-shining her contemporaries, have experienced happiness with some plain honest man, and ended her days in peace.

I am afraid my temerity, in daring to own an opinion, which, according to refined sentiments, will perhaps be thought cruel, will find little countenance; but I know my own heart, and I feel I am right. I love the poor, and have always, as far as my abilities will allow, been their friend; but I wish them happy; and to know more than their duty to their Maker, their neighbour, and themselves, is not the way to render them so. RECLUSINA.

## *INDIAN MAGNANIMITY.*

### AN ANECDOTE.

AN Indian, who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia, and seeing a planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The planter bid him begone, for he would give him none. "Will you give me, then, a cup of your beer?" said the Indian. "No, you shall have none here," replied the planter. "But I am very faint, (said the savage,) will you give me only a draught of cold water?" "Get you gone, you Indian dog; you shall have nothing here," said the planter. It happened, some months after, that the planter went on a shooting party up into the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company, and lost his way; and night coming on, he wandered through the forest, till he espied an Indian wigwam. He approached the savage's habitation, and asked him to show him the way to a plantation on that side the country. "It is too late for you

you to go there this evening, Sir, (said the Indian;) but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome." He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his store afforded; and having laid some bear-skins for his bed, he desired that he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way. Accordingly in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him in the road he was to go; but just as they were taking leave, he stepped before the planter, then turning round, and staring full in his face, bid him say, whether he recollected his features. The planter was now struck with shame and horror, when he beheld, in his kind protector, the Indian whom he had so harshly treated. He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behaviour; to which the Indian only replied, "When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog!'" The Indian then wished him well on his journey, and left him. It is not difficult to say, which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian.

## *ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

FREDERICK was fully sensible of the contagious nature of liberty. He knew that the spirit of freedom was epidemical, and he did not choose to employ his subjects in any mode that could put them in the way of catching the disorder. When Dr. Franklin applied to him, to lend his assistance to America, "Pray Doctor, (says the veteran,) what is the object they mean to attain?"—"Liberty, Sire, (replied the Philosopher;) liberty—that freedom which is the birth-right of man." The King, after a short pause, made this memorable answer: "I was born a Prince; I am become a King; and I will not use the power which I possess, to the ruin of my own trade. I was born to command—and the people are born to obey."

*To the* EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

I AM persuaded you will coincide in my opinion, and allow that every rational and affectionate father must be anxious that, of whatever profession their sons make choice, they should rise above Mediocrity's undignified sphere; and that their intellectual powers should not be like the coffin of Mahomet, suspended between the earth and the skies.

Nature, it is true, does not always dispense her favors with liberality: the minds of some men are formed to creep, whilst those of others are enabled to soar; and had my son been denied the necessary powers for exertion, I should have expected that, throughout life, he would have remained in the back ground: but, with an understanding formed in the mould of superiority, and having enjoyed the advantages of an education, where no expense has been spared, must it, Sir, not be most mortifying to a father, to see the habit of indolence locking up all his native powers?

I allowed my Edward the choice of law, physic, and divinity; and to become a disciple of Esculapius was his choice. I sent him for three years to the College at Edinburgh, knowing that there he would have every opportunity of improving his mind. Previous to this step, I had placed him under the care of a medical gentleman in the country, whose knowledge both of surgery and physic was of the most extensive kind; and who, from friendship to me, took as much pains with Edward, as if he had actually been his own child.

An indolence that was unpardonable in a lad of such abilities, prevented him from availing himself of the instructions of my friend; yet I flattered myself with the hope, that, when he was separated from his domestic connections, he would pay more atten-

tion to the profession he had chosen. The first letter I received from his tutor, was most flattering to my feelings; of my son's natural abilities he spoke in the highest terms of praise; but too soon I had the mortification of hearing, that neither punishment, nor persuasion, could induce him to exert the powers of his mind.

You must know, Mr. Editor, that I have endeavoured to make my children lose the idea of parental authority, in the endearing name of friend; and my son writes to me, as you will see, with the familiarity of a brother; though I assure you, in his behaviour, he is never deficient in filial respect. As I consider you, Sir, as a man well acquainted with human nature, and completely capable of giving advice, I apply to you, as the sick man does to a physician, hoping that, through the channel of your intelligent publication, I may receive instructions how to act with this indolent boy of mine.

Was he addicted to any particular vice, I should hope that time, and experience, would show him its fatal tendency; but this lethargic habit of indolence seems to be increasing with his years; and the fond ideas which I had cherished of seeing him an ornament to society, are all, alas! withered in the bud. Those who are parents, can alone form a conception of the mortifications which a fond father must endure, at seeing his darling hopes frustrated by the improper conduct of a son.

To this young man I had looked up as a support for his family after my death; for I have spent so much upon his education, that I shall only have a few hundred pounds to leave my poor girls. Remonstrance and persuasion prove alike ineffectual to rouse the dormant powers of his mind. About a fortnight since, I purchased him a work of the celebrated Zimmerman's, on experience in physic, and intreated him to peruse it with that attention which it deserved. In the course of a few days, I received the

the following letter from him, which has given a severe pang to my heart; as, instead of considering idleness as an unpardonable failing, he treats it with a levity at which he ought to blush.

"*To the Rev.* WILLIAM WILKINS.

"My dear Father,

"I yesterday had the pleasure of receiving your admonitory epistle, accompanied by your present of books: for the latter, I assure you, I am grateful; but the former rather benumbed than roused my faculties, like the torpedo's deadening touch. The truth of the matter is, I am tired of receiving reprehension. Activity of mind I never did possess; yet, when I once get into practice, there is little doubt but I shall do like other young men.

"To prove, however, my dear father, that I am not quite so indolent as you imagine, I read Zimmerman until twelve o'clock last night, and from it I have made the following extract, to convince you that intense application has not only the power of deadening the faculties, but even injuring the brain; and how miserable would be your future reflections, if you thought yourself accessary to the mental derangement of your son!

'A young gentleman, a native of Switzerland, gave himself up wholly to the intense study of metaphysics; and in a short time he began to experience an inertness of mind, which he endeavoured to shake off, by renewed efforts of application, which only increased his complaint. This kind of contest between mind and body, lasted for six months, when the latter became seriously affected, though, by proper remedies, it was in a short time repaired. The mind, however, daily became more debilitated, until a complete stupor came on. Without being blind, he appeared not to see; without being deaf, he seemed not to hear; without being dumb, he did not speak. He slept, drank, and ate, without relish or aversion, but

was deemed incurable, and remained in this state for a whole year. At the end of that period, a friend read a letter to him in a very loud tone of voice, which produced an astonishing effect upon his nerves; he exhibited signs of the most acute suffering, and his hearing at length was re-established with pain. Every other sense was excited on a similar principle; and in proportion as he gained the use of them, the stupidity decreased; yet his sufferings were so violent, that they brought him to the brink of the grave; but, at last, Nature, without the aid of medicine, obtained a complete victory over disease.'

"I have extracted this singular case of Zimmerman's, my dear father, to convince you how happy you are in having a son not likely to labor under so dreadful a complaint; and rather than expose myself to it, may I for ever be branded for a dunce.

"Salute my mother and sisters for me, and believe me, my dear father,

"Yours most affectionately,

"EDWARD W——."

This, Mr. Editor, is the fair copy of a letter which has given me the most serious concern; and you will scarcely think it possible that it should be a reply to one dictated by affection, and breathing a thousand parental fears. I have frequently heard it remarked, that indolence and indifference are feelings which but seldom are seen apart, and I am now of opinion, that there is but too much truth in the remark. As my girls, Mr. Editor, take in your publication, and, after having perused them, generally forward them to my son, I flatter myself with the hope, that in your next number you will honor him with your advice; and if he is not lost to every sense of feeling, he may, perhaps, be shocked at the idea of afflicting a father's mind, whose indulgence has hitherto been unbounded, even to the injury of his daughters and a tenderly-beloved wife. I am, Sir,

Your distressed humble servant,

WILLIAM WILKINS.

## *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

### DRURY-LANE.

*March 16th.*

TO-NIGHT the *Young Roscius* sustained the arduous character of *Hamlet*. Before the rising of the curtain, the house was completely filled with an elegant company, and the play commenced under the most happy circumstances which an actor could desire. Some of the plaintive tones of the *Young Roscius* have been the most admired in the compass of his voice, and the most successful in winning their way to the heart of the audience. The words, therefore,

"A little more than kin, and less than kind,"

were peculiarly calculated to make a favorable impression, which was well followed up by the answer immediately following to the *Queen*, beginning with

"Seems, Madam! nay, it is, I know not seems.
"'Tis not alone my inky coat, good Mother."

So far the fondest parent could have anticipated nothing more flattering: the most squeamish critic could have room for nothing but applause. Next follows the famous soliloquy,

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

Of all the parts that constitute the character of *Hamlet*, his soliloquies are the most universally admired. The deep and philosophic turn of the sentiment, its natural and unaffected piety, the devout and holy spirit that it breathes, and the figurative language in which it is expressed, rank among the most sublime efforts of the genius of Shakespeare. But the soliloquies are not only the most ornamental parts of *Hamlet:* It is in them his character is best unfolded. They present the intellectual eye turned upon itself, exploring all the avenues and recesses of the heart, and a mind filled with study and reflec-

tion. Divested of the soliloquies, the philosopher and the scholar is only a pious son, filled with a just sense of a mother's shame, and an ardent zeal to avenge a father's murder. The merit of the performance must, therefore, be estimated by reference to the soliloquies; and here the *Young Roscius* fell considerably short of his usual excellence. In his delivery of this first soliloquy, his manner was rapid to an excess, inconsistent with that solemn dignity of deportment which it demands. Some passages of it, indeed, betrayed a total want of discrimination; and the words,

> " Why she would hang on him
> " As if increase of appetite had grown
> " By what it fed on,"

were given with the air and emphasis of one unconscious of their meaning. This observation applies, with the same force, to his delivery in all the other soliloquies. They were also liable to another strong objection, which, at his early years, we may fairly consider more the fault of his instructor than his own. Of all the business of the stage, soliloquy has the least to do with action. In it the mind's eye is turned upon itself; the actor holds converse with his own heart. He has no audience, nor companion, but such as accompany him in the solitude of his chamber. *Hamlet*, particularly, has nothing to which to address himself, but his conscience and his God. Instead, however, of the outward appearance of deep thought, the sober solemnity of meditation in which soliloquy is conceived, there was no part of the character in which the *Young Roscius* displayed so much action. His enunciation was rapid and violent; and his gesticulation frequently more than kept pace with his words. This is no hypercriticism. Every sound judge of theatrical exhibitions must acknowledge the rule which we have laid down to be correct. The subsequent part of the same scene, though interspersed with beauties, occasionally left something to be wished for. The passage— " He

" He was a man, take him for all in all,
" I shall not look upon his like again,"

although capable of producing great effect, was given in a light and superficial manner. His interrogatories respecting his father's ghost, were also put to *Horatio*, with a flippancy inconsistent with the magnitude of the subject, and the supposed workings of his mind at the time. When we want to be informed upon a subject of importance, and the party is known to be capable of giving the necessary information, there the questions may follow in a rapid course; but that is not *Hamlet's* case. He doubts the truth of the report of his father's spirit in arms; and, during the whole conversation, he is weighing the evidence, and exercising his judgment upon the answers. The conclusion of the scene with the *Ghost* was well managed; and when he breaks from *Marcellus* and *Horatio*, to follow it, he gave the words—

" My fate cries out,
" And makes each petty artery in this body
" As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve,"

with uncommon force and animation. The scene with the players was well conceived, and given in excellent style. He drew down a thunder of applause in that part of it where he expresses his contempt for theatrical rant.

In the closet scene he shone with all the excellence that distinguishes his most admired characters. Here he has a subject suited to his years. A sense of a mother's shame and a father's wrongs may well live in the breast of a youth of fourteen. He was finely impassioned, full of energy and feeling. Had he shewn more exultation when he fancies he has killed the *King*, and more regret when he discovers his mistake, and finds he has slain *Polonius*, the scene would have been admirable. The scene of the mock play was well supported; but the last was, perhaps, the best of his whole performance. He fenced with extraordinary grace, and rendered every part of it deeply interesting and affecting.

# THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

*The Life of General de Zieten, Colonel of the Royal Prussian Regiment of Hussar Life Guards, Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, &c. By Madame de Blumenthal, First Lady of the Bed Chamber to Her Royal Highness the Dowager Princess Henry of Prussia. Translated from the German, by the Rev. B. Beresford, P. D. 2 Vols. 8vo. 14s. Boards.*

Impressed deeply with her subject, Mad. de B. displays an uncommon degree of animation in her descriptions; and while perusing them, the sentiments of the hero seem to beat in our bosoms, his enterprising spirit pervades our frame, we bear him company in his daring exploits, we overcome difficulties, we brave dangers, we endure privations, we are cool and collected in emergencies the most critical, and, like him, we are alive only to honour, fame, and duty: we share the conscious merit which, on the return of peace, cheers his breast, we participate in the consideration and distinctions which await him, and we taste the enjoyments and felicities which solaced the long evening of his life. *Monthly Review.*

*An Introduction to the Use of the Globes, for the Use of both Sexes; particularly designed for Schools and private Teachers. By John Greig, private Teacher of Writing, Geography, and Practical Mathematics; and Author of the Young Ladies' New Guide to Arithmetic, &c. 1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 152.*

The purpose of the treatise before us, is to facilitate practical instruction; and it is peculiarly adapted for assisting pupils, and also directing teachers. The author observes a judicious medium. He goes far beyond the mere elements, without extending to a difficult and abstruse system, which would so ill suit the comprehension of learners: the whole of the performance, both in materials and arrangement, demonstrates the writer to possess a great degree of preceptorial experience and skill. He leads the mind, step by step, from simple principles to complex operations and important results. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

*Thoughts on the Education of those who imitate the Great, as affecting the Female Character. Small* 8vo. *pp.* 108. *2s. 6d.*

Perhaps there is no one part of what may be termed the civil economy of social life, so highly important in its consequences as the education of females. Their influence on society, the great share which they have in forming the religious and moral character of man, in regulating his passions, in animating his efforts, in directing his pursuits; the very extensive effect of their example; all combine to render their education an object of most serious importance to the community at large. In educating females, as in educating males, special regard should be had to the situation which they are destined to occupy in life. But as the same certainty does not prevail in respect of the destination of the former as of the latter, the general criterion should be the actual situation of the parents. For as, on the one hand, a defective education is much to be deplored, so, on the other, to educate a girl *above* the sphere of life in which she is destined to move, is a very great evil indeed. And this evil is certainly very prevalent in the present age. The rage which prevails in the middle classes of life for imitating the manners of the great, is the primary cause of it; it is a rage productive of the worst possible effects, as well in a political as in a moral point of view. It tends to confound the necessary distinctions of society established for the best of purposes, and promoting the wisest of ends. It unfits those who are infected with it for their proper stations in life, by instilling notions into their minds, and by making them acquire habits, utterly unsuitable for such stations, and totally incompatible with the duties of them.

The author of the "Thoughts" before us (which were written seventeen years ago) makes many judicious reflections on the *imitation* which he deprecates, and offers many useful hints respecting the evils which result from it. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

*Gradus ad Cantabrigiam: or a Dictionary of Terms academical and colloquial, or cant, which are used at the University of Cambridge. With a Variety of curious and entertaining Illustrations.* 12*mo. pp.* 139. *3s. sewed.*

The common saying, "dull as a dictionary," will not apply to this work, which is explanatory of the University *slang*; for know, gentle reader, that the children of *Alma Mater* have their *slang*, as well as the heroes and heroines of St. Giles's; and many, besides *freshmen*, especially if they love a pun, will be amused by this comical manual, in which the cant terms employed at Cambridge are humorously announced. *Monthly Review.*

*Armine and Elvira: a Legendary Tale. The ninth Edition. With other Poems. By Edmund Cartwright, M. A. Inscribed to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford. Crown 8vo. pp. 132. 4s. Boards.*

From the beautiful poem which stands at the head of this little collection, we made long extracts when we noticed it on its first appearance in the year 1771, (see M. R. Vol. xlv. p. 103.) and we have nothing to add to the praise which we then bestowed. As to the small pieces which are subjoined to this ninth edition of Armine and Elvira, we must remark, that they are proofs of Mr. Cartwright's feeling and elegant mind. *Monthly Review.*

*An Account of the Neutral Saline Waters recently discovered at Hampstead. By Thomas Goodwin, Surgeon. 5s. Boards.*

This work is well designed for the service of the people of London, who may find the same benefits from the change of air, scenery, and medicinal waters at Hampstead, as at Cheltenham, Tunbridge-wells, or other watering-places.

The analysis of the newly-discovered medicinal springs in Pond-Street is chemically scientific, and, we suppose, correct, being approved of by Dr. Pearson, and other eminent chemists and physicians. Our author has also chemically examined the soil of Hampstead, not only because a good judgment may be formed of waters by the soil whereon they run, but that such analysis may prove useful to agriculturalists.

The author has very pleasingly described the country about Hampstead, and its delightful and extensive prospects from various situations; and, as a good appendage, he has given us a map of the various rides, &c. and also a view of part of Hampstead contiguous to the newly-discovered wells. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

*An Admonition to Parents and Children: chiefly intended for the lower Classes of Society. By James Cowe, M. A. Vicar of Sunbury, Middlesex. 8vo. 1s.*

This author is already known to the world; his Sermons on Christianity, and his Philanthropic Tracts, have recommended him to regard. Immediately connected with the latter, is the present performance; which is an address to parents and children, delivered at the close of a charity sermon, and which he had been repeatedly requested to make public. It contains very seasonable and sensible advice to those for whom it is immediately intended, and we hope that it may be productive of beneficial effects to themselves and to society in general. *Monthly Review.*

*Poems. By Laura Sophia Temple.* 1 *Vol.* 12*mo. pp.* 192.

Miss Temple, in these poems, displays the prime qualities of a poet; she feels with sensibility, and describes with force. Here is an intelligent and ardent mind, not yet furnished with an extensive range of knowledge, but which very fully comprehends what has fallen within the sphere of observation; and that observation has extended to the state, incidents, and passions, of domestic and social life. She is feelingly alive to each fine impulse; she unites taste, fancy, and tenderness. Short as her life has been, it appears not to have passed without melancholy. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

*A Short Grammar of the English Language, in Two Parts; simplified to the Capacities of Children; with Notes, and a great Variety of entertaining and useful Exercises, upon a Plan entirely new; also an Appendix, containing Rules and Observations for assisting young Persons to speak and write with Perspicuity and Accuracy. By John Hornsey, School-master, Scarborough. The Fourth Edition, corrected, improved, and enlarged.* 12*mo. pp.* 132. 2*s. Bound.*

This intelligent and sensible teacher has perfectly succeeded in the plan, which he proposed to himself, of providing for children a set of short, easy, and perspicuous rules for acquiring a competent knowledge of English grammar. The mode of giving exercises, in which the rules of orthography and of grammar are violated, for the purpose of correction by the pupil, is novel in itself, and extremely well adapted to the object of teaching correctness in pronunciation and composition. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

*A Father's Gift to his Children, consisting of Original Essays, Tales, Fables, Reflections, &c. By William Mavor, LL. D. Vicar of Hurley, and Chaplain to the Earl of Moira.* 12*mo.* 2 *Vols. pp.* 600.

Here, indeed, we have an instructor of youth, well qualified and well disposed to blend rational entertainmeut with useful instruction. With these qualities, and with the powerful stimulus to call them forth into action which results from parental affection, (for where the father is the preceptor, and the children are the pupils, every motive that can operate on the human mind combines to produce efforts commensurate to the great object in view,) the author could scarcely fail to compose a book in all respects valuable. Many of the pieces in these volumes have great merit; the style is uniformly chaste; and the principles and sentiments are invariably good. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

## *Cabinet of Fashion,*

### WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

### *MORNING DRESS.*

A Bonnet of Green Velvet, and White Ostrich Feathers. A short Pelice of Green Velvet, with broad White Lace round the Bosom, and round the Bottom of the Dress. A Dress of White Muslin, with a broad Lace let in down the Middle and round the Bottom of the Dress. Buff Gloves, and White Shoes.

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The Head fashionably dressed, with a Turban of Brown Net, ornamented with Flowers, and White Ostrich Feathers. A Curule of Brown Net over a Dress of clear Muslin. White Gloves and Shoes.

*THE*

MORNING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

Published April 1.1808 by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
22 SEP 48

# *The Apollonian Wreath.*

## *ECHO.*

ECHO is whisp'ring breath of Love,
  Which Venus once did sigh,
And, pleas'd her power thus to prove,
  Commanded ne'er to die.

So ever near the stream it plays,
  And waits upon the lover,
And in the lofty wood it strays,
  And when the day is over,

As tuneful Hodge comes whist'ling home,
  And love fills all his fancy,
He talks of thousand joys to come,
  When wedded to his Nancy.

The little playful, airy elf
  Mutters her softest sound,
While Hodge perceiving nought but self,
  Looks timidly around.

And though he brave could meet his foe,
  In any fellow man,
His spirit seemeth somewhat low,
  For cause he cannot scan.

The list'ning rustic, half afraid,
Looks with dismay around;
Repeats the name—till Reason's aid
Informs him 'tis but sound.

Twelve moons had shone, and disappear'd,
Since Hodge had wedded Nancy;
The world with passion interfer'd,
And gain engag'd his fancy;

When plodding through the self-same wood,
Musing on Fortune's favor,
Weighing ideal with real good,
His love began to waver.

"If I were single now," he cried,
"I'd hie to town on pleasure;"
And then the booby deeply sigh'd,
Nor thought of his soft treasure.

His accents Echo gently caught,
And gave in low responses:
His wishes, like his words, misthought,
He quick recals as nonsense.

"Zounds! if to my unnatural ears
"These words create such fancies,
"'Twould cause a thousand sighs and tears,
"If they had met my Nancy's.

"Then, little tell-tale toad!" he cries,
"You sure have given me pain;
"Yet, faith, you open'd these blind eyes,
"But ne'er shall need again;

"For from this hour, that hath expos'd
"My wavering inclination,
"With restless feelings, I'm dispos'd
"To be content in station."

With hasty steps his willing feet
Towards the cottage bend;
His throbbing heart now bounds to meet
His wife, his love, his friend.

Half chiding for his lengthened stay,
She meets his fond embrace;
His truant heart with joy repays,
While tears stream down his face.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd at feelings thus intense,
She fears her Hodge is ill;
Begs him to speak, that she may hence,
And call in village skill.

" I was sick, love, awhile ago,
" But now all pain has vanish'd;
" Seek not the silly cause to know,
" For from my soul 'tis banish'd."—

Now had two years of sober joy
Roll'd o'er the happy pair,
When, to their wishes, a lov'd boy
Became their mutual care.

Its sparkling eyes, its blooming face,
Seem to unite perfection;
Thus parent artists ever trace
Their coloring in affection.

The sturdy cherub daily grew,
But sound had never utter'd,
Saving the noise to nursy due,
Which fluently was mutter'd;

When, on the day that rests from toil,
Which kings and peasants own,
The summer evening to beguile,
Hodge, with his wife and son,

Betook them to the neighbouring wood,
There to enjoy the shade,
And from a bough he form'd a sword,
And taper'd smooth the blade.

A martial ardour seiz'd the child,
Quick on his feet he stood;
" Me, father, me!"—The hero smil'd,
And clasp'd the offer'd good.

Echo took up the new-form'd voice,
The wond'ring parents fear
To breathe their joy—though they rejoice,
And shed the silent tear.

Hodge first the tender silence breaks,
He feels his heart impell'd;
" This is the bliss which marriage makes,
" Which I too lightly held.—

" Echo, thy voice, which oft did sound
" Upon mine ear in fancy,
" Hath wak'd me from a sleep profound,
" And made me fly to Nancy;

" Hath fill'd my soul with fond alarms,
" With love-invented ills;
" But, ah! *this voice* hath such new charms,
" It leads me as it wills.

" Thou little, whisp'ring, babbling friend,
" In gratitude to thee,
" I'll never near this path-way bend,
" But some kind word from me

" Shall be with tenderest feeling made
" To thy attentive ear;
" For true thou tellest what is said;
" By thee I 'scap'd from care—

" I'll stop to hear the soft repeat
" Which thou dost give so true,
" Whether at summer's noon-tide heat,
" Or eve's descending dew.

" Ah! could I see thy lovely form,
" For sure it lovely is!
" Art thou not Love, that guards from harm,
" To whom I owe my bliss?"

KILDARE.

## *MODERN LOVE.*

WHEN Phillis found she'd lost her lover,
And that no art could keep a rover,
With willows dank she bound her head,
Swift to the cypress grove she sped;
There, stretch'd beside a brook, she lay,
To weep and sigh her soul away:
She groan'd, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
And look'd the image of Despair—
" Ah! wretched Phil! by love o'ertaken,
" And thus by Florio forsaken.
" Forsaken!——that I'll ne'er endure;
" The brook affords a speedy cure.
" Since Florio loves me not, I'll die!"
She rush'd——" Soft; what a fool am I!
" To die for an inconstant swain!
" I'faith, I'll live, and try again."

MARIA MENLY.

## *LINES ON A BOX-IRON,*

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY,

BY MR. FITCH.

IN high-sounding strains, and measures sublime,
Let others rehearse mighty deeds;
A few simple numbers, just tipp'd with a rhyme,
Is all that a *box-iron* needs.

A simile too, it may furnish—who knows?
To some scribbler that is not too stupid—
I have it—the heater within fiercely glows,
Like a lover's heart wounded by Cupid.

Again, 'tis an emblem of lovers untrue,
Or lovers who sigh but for gold;
For scarce is its mistress retreated from view,
But the warmth in its bosom grows cold.

And to you, who with sneers may decry such a theme,
As a subject unfit for the Muse,
I answer, that nothing unworthy I deem,
Which a lady's fair fingers may use.

*Clare, February 18th, 1805.*

## *LAURA'S TEAR.*

WHY weeps yon lovely fair one—say?
Explain the tear that flows;
Perhaps she mourns her love away,
Or weeps for others' woes.

The tear of pity graceful streams,
Nor less the tear of love;
The tear of sorrow sacred seems,
That falls for friends above.

Alas! the tear that Laura sheds,
From sad remorse doth rise;
Remorse, which all reflection dreads,
A worm that never dies.

Seduc'd, deserted, and forlorn,
What grief can her's exceed?—
For woes like these the heart must mourn,
The soften'd soul must bleed!

*March 7th, 1805.* J. M. L.

## *ON THE SPRING.*

THE gloomy winter now has had its reign,
And Spring resumes her animating powers,
To shed new lustre on the grassy plain,
And deck the earth with sweetly-blooming flowers.

Nor do her bounties but to these extend,
And man, vain man, not share them with the rest;
All nature hails her as a common friend,
And spring-born joys inspire the human breast;

As when the heart, depress'd with worldly cares,
Full many a day has groan'd beneath the weight,
A friend sincere, and generous, appears,
To ease the load, and cheer its drooping state;

Then sick'ning Sorrow, deep Affliction's wound,
And all the ills which mortal life sustains,
Take flight in air, or sink in depths profound,
No longer man is bound beneath their chains:

So after Winter's cold and dreary days,
Which cloud our spirits as they cloud the air,
We feel the genial warmth which Spring conveys,
Whose healthful pleasures banish ev'ry care.

*March 7th*, 1805. W. H. S.

## *THE WINDS OF WINTER HOWL'D.*

THE winds of winter howl'd around
Fair Ellen's unprotected form;
Nor friends, nor home, nor hope, she found,
But wander'd on amidst the storm.

The trackless waste, with snow o'erspread,
She strove to pass, but strove in vain;
The friendly path, that homeward led,
No more, alas! she could regain.

The fleecy deluge drifted deep,
The tempest roar'd with keener blast,
The plain appear'd one whiten'd heap;
Fair Ellen wept as on she past.

Benumb'd with cold! o'ercome with toil!
Her sinking form the snows divide!
A pray'r she breath'd with faintest smile!
Life's current froze! and Ellen died!

*March 7th*, 1805. J. M. L.

## *LINES,*

*Written on leaving Bristol, in December*, 1804.

BLEAK was the day, and chilling cold the morn,
Sweet Philomela's plaintive song was o'er,
Each wood and grove was of their foliage torn,
And all denoted summer was no more.

True emblem of this sad and aching heart,
Torn from its home, and all it holds most dear;
No genial sun to cheer, or warmth impart;
But all is winter in this bosom drear.

Yet soon will spring return with healing powers,
And clothe afresh each wood, and fertile plain;
Dispel each storm, each threat'ning cloud, that low'rs,
And cheer the vegetable world again.

Could'st thou, oh! genial Spring! thine aid impart,
To soothe this raging passion in my breast,
Or turn to adamant this bleeding heart,
Then might I hope again to be at rest.

But, ah! not Spring, with all her genial power,
Can yield that happiness for which I sigh,
Since torn from her I love, each coming hour
Is spent in hopeless, hapless misery.

T. M. J.

## *ALL IS NOT VANITY.*

I.

OH! there's nought but vexation and folly!
The wise man repeatedly cries.
Now, while I live so careless and jolly,
I can't account Solomon wise.
He had almost a thousand princesses,
And power, and plenty, and peace;
But, with all he could wish, he confesses,
The bosom is never at ease.

II.

'Tis plain, with respect to his Highness,
Our wants are the greater, the fewer;
As a show'r in a season of dryness
Is ten times more pleasant and pure;
As a symptom of grace in a sinner;
As a friend, when all others neglect one;
As a card to invite me to dinner,
When Poverty bids me expect none.

III.

True happiness lies not in gaining
Whatever the mind has in view;
We reap far more bliss in sustaining
The loss of one half we pursue.
Though Greenlanders fancy 'tis charming
To bask in a tropical sun,
The poor fellows constantly warming,
Have no such ideas of fun.

IV.

If any, opposing my tenet,
Deny that it carries conviction,
Again I'll assert, and maintain it,
The mother of Joy is Affliction:
As Want gives a value to treasures,
Which valueless else would remain,
So man, in the centre of pleasures,
Were pleasureless if he'd no pain.

V.

Though Poverty pinch me to-day,
I've, at least, as much pleasure as sorrow;
With nothing, I nothing can pay,
Nothing lose; perhaps, nothing can borrow:
What then? I've the pleasure of labour;
My health is improv'd when I fast;
And to-morrow, with dance, pipe, and tabor,
I'll laugh at the day that is past.

VI.

Believe me, dear brethren, sincerely,
There's nought gives more pleasure than grief:
For he who feels pain most severely,
Is happiest under relief.
Away, then, with those who hate grieving,
Both sunshine and rain is my plan;
But afflictions we're sure of receiving—
Then let us rejoice while we can.

FRANK.

## *TO THE MOON.*

OFT thou, pale orb, beneath thy silver beam,
When Philomela sung her love-lorn tale,
Wildly complaining o'er the limpid stream,
Which slowly wander'd through Markeaton* Vale,

By

* The seat of F. N. C. Mundy, Esq. near Derby.

By thy soft light I've stray'd beside the brook,
Or with my lov'd Louisa fondly rov'd,
And us'd each artless tale, each ardent look,
To ope my soul, and tell how much I lov'd.

Nor did I vainly tell her of my woes,
She fondly listened to my plaintive tale;
To no one else she would her heart disclose;
Heav'n heard her vows, but, ah! those vows were frail.

A father's frown soon check'd our lambent fire,
Forbade our converse by his stern decree;
Through fear she yielded to her angry sire,
And left this vale to solitude and me.

No more shalt thou be witness of our joy;
Our much-lov'd rambles in this vale are o'er;
Yet the remembrance shall this mind employ,
'Till time shall cease, and I exist no more.

T. M. J.

## *LINES,*

*Written to a young Lady, who was displeased by a Valentine which the Author sent her.*

BY MR. FITCH.

I'M told, alas! I fear 'tis true,
Charlotte, that I've offended you.
Sweet Valentine! with all submission,
The Muse shall mutter my contrition:
But yet you've own'd my declaration
Was better far than adulation;
For had I, in a love-sick tone,
Swore that I liv'd for you alone;
Sung of your all-bewitching grace,
And Cupids fluttering round your face;
Or said I own'd Love's mighty rule—
What then?—why you'd have call'd me fool,
And bid me keep my fulsome lies
For nymphs more lovely, and less wise.
Ah! Charlotte, can you hate a youth
Because he dares to speak the truth?
Though truth to ladies, at the best,
Is rather an unwelcome guest;
"Sweet Valentine! I do adore,
"Not only you—but twenty more:"—
These words you deem to insult leaning;
But trust me, you mistook my meaning.

"Adore,"

" Adore," is but a plain expression,
Which poets use for admiration.
But I have said, " not only you,"
But " twenty more," are charming too:
The worst coquette, that has existence,
To that can offer no resistance:
Can lovely Charlotte?—candid, free,
Good-natur'd—No—it cannot be.
Well, then, I think, 'twill be admitted,
That your poor poet stands acquitted.
But I began with this condition,
" The Muse shall mutter my contrition;"
Yet hitherto not one poor sentence
Has breath'd the spirit of repentance:
No—by the proverb 'tis exprest,
That " second thoughts are sometimes best:"
So thinks the Muse—and her defence
Leaves *tete-a-tete* with your good sense.
Repentance (if she can contrive it)
Shall come one day—'Tis best in private.

*Clare, February 20th*, 1805.

## *MARY'S FAREWELL to her FALSE LOVER.*

CHECK not my grief, nor think to stay
The sorrows that this breast corrode;
What joy can claim one moment's sway,
Since thou hast left this drear abode?
Though hope to thee seem bright and fair,
Yet check thy pride, and deign to feel,
A sigh will 'scape—then pity spare,
Respect the pang thou would'st not heal.

Alas! 'till now I thought thee true;
I lov'd—you promis'd—I believ'd;
Too late, my heart is taught to rue,
For ah! thou'rt false, and I'm deceiv'd.
When I am gone, across thy mind,
Perhaps a thought of me may steal:
Oh then relent! with mercy kind,
Respect the pang thou would'st not heal.

Till death shall cure my heart-felt pains,
No thought of thee can be represt;
And whilst one spark of life remains,
My prayers are that thou may'st be blest:
And when my dream of life shall close,
Should some chance friend my fate reveal;
Oh! grant but this for my repose—
Respect the pang thou would'st not heal.

D. R.

## *WOMAN'S HARD FATE.*

BY A LADY.

HOW wretched is poor woman's fate!
No happy change her fortune knows;
Subject to man in ev'ry state,
How can she then be free from woes?

In youth, a father's stern command,
And jealous eye, controul her will;
A lordly brother watchful stands,
To keep her closer captive still.

The tyrant husband next appears,
With awful and contracted brow;
No more a lover's form he wears:
Her slave's become her sov'reign now.

If from this fatal bondage free,
And not by marriage chains confin'd,
If, blest with single life, she see
A parent fond, a brother kind—

Yet love usurps her tender breast,
And paints a phœnix to her eyes;
Some darling youth disturbs her rest;
And painful sighs in secret rise.

Oh cruel pow'rs! since you've design'd
That man, vain man, should bear the sway,
To slavish chains add slavish mind,
That I may thus your will obey.

ANN.

## *LINES,*

*On* MR. PITT'S *additional Duty upon Salt.*

SHOULD our dear wives, like her* of old,
All suffer transformation,
And not a solitary scold
Be left to cheer the nation,

The loss of sound would sure be great!
But oh! let Pitt be prais'd,
To serve the purposes of state,
What sums would then be rais'd!

ODE

*March 20th*, 1805.

* Lot's Wife.

## *ODE TO FASHION.*

BEWITCHING Fashion! with what pow'r
Despotic dost thou rule!
To thee, submissive, bend, each hour,
The saint, the sage, the fool.

Obedient to thy potent sway,
The greatest, best, are found;
By thee are govern'd, ev'ry day,
The circling year around.

As thou dost, fancy-guided, veer,
They, void of mental force,
Attentive to thy compass, steer
Through life their changeful course.

But oh! how oft, by thee misled,
On quick-sands do they run;
And rocks behold, exciting dread;
Behold! but cannot shun!

A.

## *Correspondence, &c.*

*We entirely agree with the fair* F. A. *that her communication is of too delicate a nature to be publicly discussed; and the best advice we can give her, is to seek from private confidential friends, that counsel which she solicits of us, as most likely to be of service in guiding her through her difficulties, from which we wish her a "good deliverance."*

"Leander" *has fallen too far below his former efforts in verse, for admission.*

"Remarks on Frank's Address to the Ladies," *page* 151, *will have a place next month.*

*We are sorry* Myrtilla's *spirited lines are of too personal a nature to appear in the Museum, which confines itself to general satire.*

Junius *has unfortunately chosen a signature which would put the most ordinary reader upon making comparisons no way to his advantage.*

*It is again necessary to remind our correspondents, that unless* postage is paid, *their favors must be returned.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

Mrs. Arbuthnot.

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